★ July 28, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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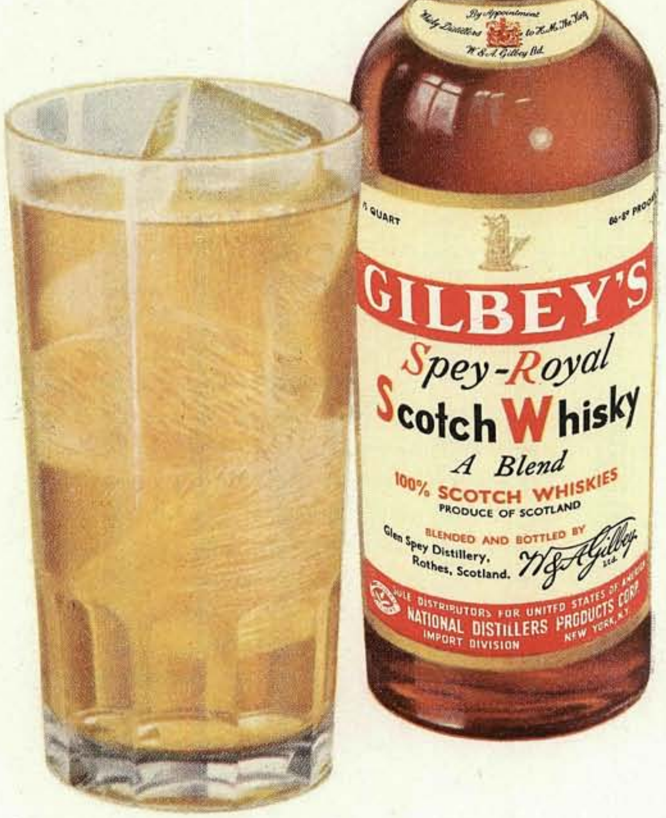
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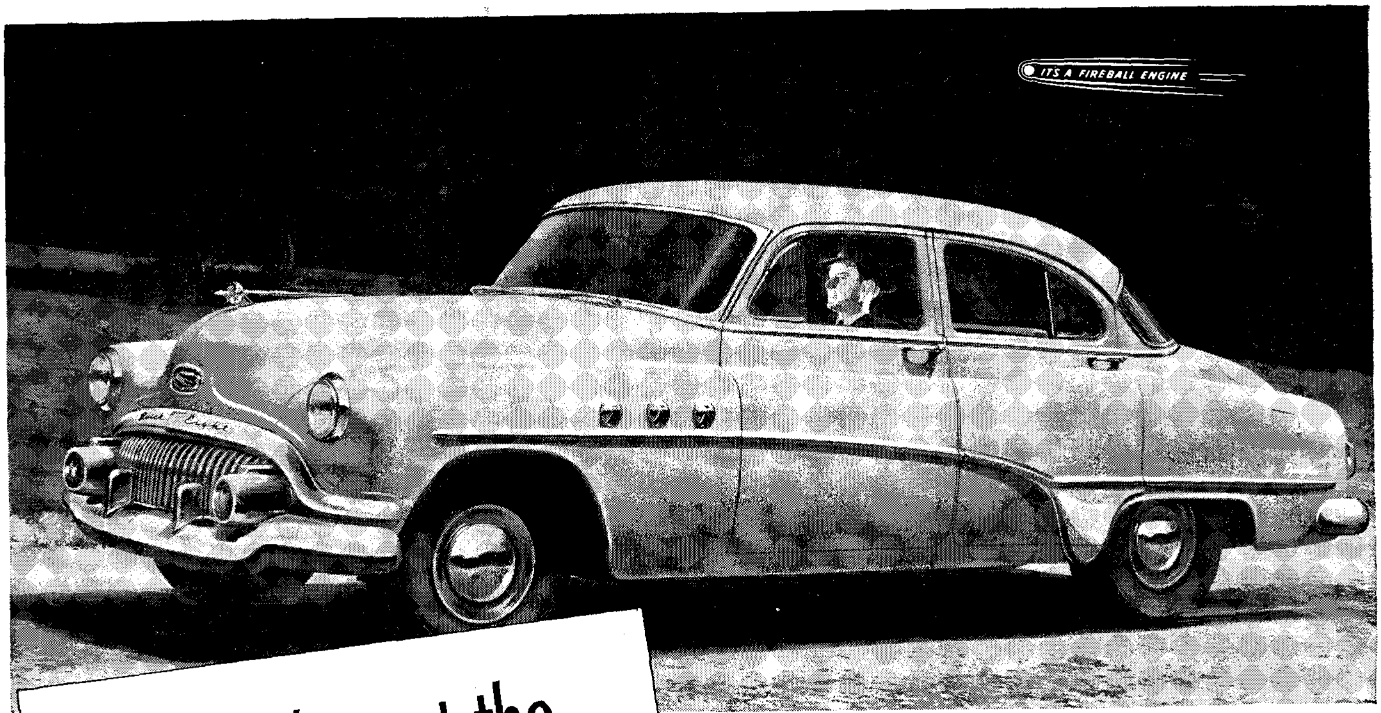

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Moon Is Blue—A glossy comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an upstanding architect, an affable roué, and a talkative virgin, respectively. All are likable, and Mr. Herbert's lines are often bright. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Like his previous plays, Tennessee Williams' latest is laid in the South, but his heroine this time is neither doomed nor demented, and the result on the whole is very appealing. Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach are amazingly adept in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Stalag 17—This rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**AFFAIRS OF STATE:** Love and politics in Washington, D.C. June Havoc now has the lead, and Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Studwick are in it, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SEASON IN THE SUN:** Wolcott Gibbs' Fire Island comedy. With Nancy Kelly, Victor Jory, Anthony Ross, and Joan Diener. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Guys and Dolls—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Robert Alda are just right as Runyon characters. Martha Stewart has replaced Vivian Blaine, who is on vacation. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein again, and again with a diverting book and tunes. The story has to do with the effect a strong-willed English teacher has upon a royal Siamese. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head a top-notch cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

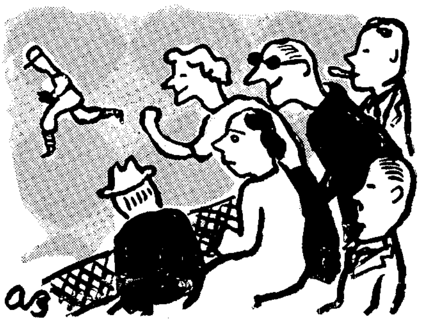
Oklahoma!—A return engagement of this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, by the company that has been presenting it on the road for eight years. With Ridge Bond and Patricia Northrop. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Seventeen—An orthodox but not unattractive musical version of the Tarkington classic, with a book by Sally Benson. The cast includes Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Shirley Booth gives a really superb comic performance in this gay and touching adaptation of Betty Smith's novel. George Abbott helped Miss Smith with the book, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields turned out the excellent songs, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. The cast, in addition to Miss Booth, includes Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador. Also in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Shirl Conway, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large company. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Holly Harris and Robert Wright currently have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 28.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Roger Rico is now playing the cultured Frenchman to Martha Wright's Nellie Forbush. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, July 28: "See How They Run." Monday through Wednesday, July 30-Aug. 1: "Mr. Thing," a new play by Mary Chase. Thursday, Aug. 2: "Sun-Up." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4: "Two on an Island." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 28: Burgess Meredith in "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Brigadoon." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 28: "A Streetcar Named Desire." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Arms and the Man." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 28: "Masquerade." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-4: "The Show-Off." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 28: "A Streetcar Named Desire." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Olivia de Havilland in "Candida." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 28: "Naughty Marietta." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Blossom Time." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 28: "The Petrified Forest." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Constance Bennett in "Skylark." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, July 29: "Come Back, Little Sheba." Tuesday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 5: "Aren't We All?" (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 28: Betty Field in "See Naples and Die." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Claudette Colbert in "Island Fling," a new comedy by Noel Coward. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Duxbury—Through Saturday, July 28: "Trial by Jury" and "Down in the Valley." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-4: "For Love or Money." (Duxbury Theatre, Duxbury, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 28: Olivia de Havilland in "Candida." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Sunday, July 29: Veronica Lake in "The Voice of the Turtle." Tuesday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 5: Basil Rathbone in "The Gioconda Smile." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 28: "A Streetcar Named Desire." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "See How They Run." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 28: "Annie

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Get Your Gun." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Finian's Rainbow." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 28: Lawrence Tibbett in "Rain." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Saturday, July 28: "A Streetcar Named Desire." Tuesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 4: "The Male Animal." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, July 28: John Garfield in "Golden Boy." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Lawrence Tibbett in "Rain." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 28: Constance Bennett in "Skylark." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Kay Francis in "Mirror, Mirror," a new play by George Oppenheimer. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"Sweethearts." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 28: Jackie Cooper in "June Moon." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Alice in Wonderland." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 28: John Loder in "For Love or Money." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Estelle Winwood in "George and Margaret." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 26: "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas." Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 31-Aug. 1: "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Thursday, Aug. 2: "The Imaginary Invalid." Friday, Aug. 3: "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." Saturday, Aug. 4: "Yes Is for a Very Young Man." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 28: Florence Reed in "Suspect." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: June Lockhart in "Claudia." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 28: "See How They Run." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Claire Luce in "A Streetcar Named Desire." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 28: "Alice in Wonderland," a new musical. Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Betty Field in "See Naples and Die." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 28: Lillian Gish in "Miss Mabel," a new play by R. C. Sherriff. Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Doro Merande in "This Is My Valley," a new play. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, July 29: Eddie Dowling in "Border Be Damned," a new play by Paul Vincent Carroll. Tuesday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 5: Ann Corio in "Anna Lucasta." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 29: "Meet Me in St. Louis." Tuesday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 5: "The Shining Hour." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—"The Bat." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 28: Eve Arden in "Here Today." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Mae West in "Diamond Lil." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 28: "Heartbreak House." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "The Straw." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 28: Diana Barrymore in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Brigadoon." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 28: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Burgess Meredith in "The Silver Whistle." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 28: "Just Married." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Lillian Gish in "Miss Mabel," a new play by R. C. Sherriff. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 28: "Snafu." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Separate Rooms." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, July 28: "Harvey." Tuesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 4: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays at 2:30.)

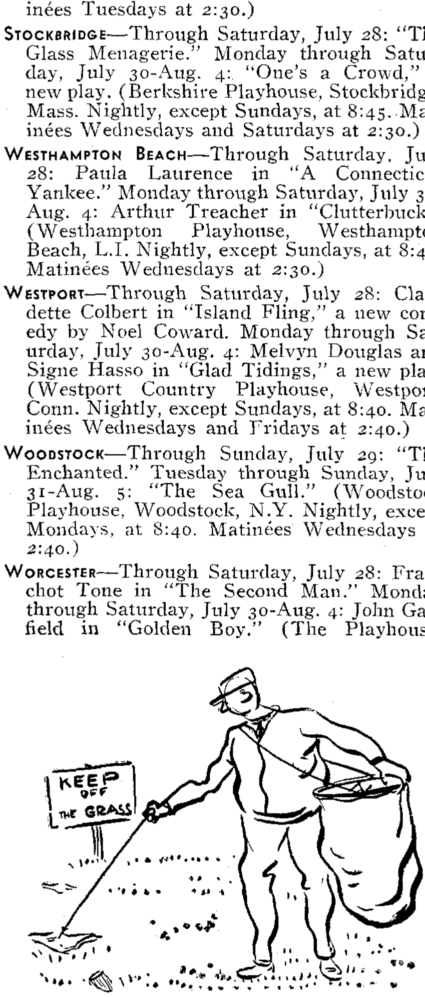
Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 28: "The Glass Menagerie." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: "One's a Crowd," a new play. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westhampton Beach—Through Saturday, July 28: Paula Laurence in "A Connecticut Yankee." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 28: Claudette Colbert in "Island Fling," a new comedy by Noel Coward. Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new play. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 29: "The Enchanted." Tuesday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 5: "The Sea Gull." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Worcester—Through Saturday, July 28: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." Monday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 4: John Garfield in "Golden Boy." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:20.)



Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 28: Maria Tallchief, Iva Kitchell, and others. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-4: The Jacob's Pillow Ballet, Myra Kinch and her company, and La Meri. (Lee, Mass. Wednesdays at 9, Thursdays at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. The Festival will continue through Saturday, Sept. 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the indoor but airy Garden, the dance orchestra of Jules Lande stirs a mild breeze at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Under one of the biggest rooftrees in the world, Sammy Kaye's orchestra provides dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music every day but Sunday in the Palm Court at cocktail time and on the Cascades Roof during dinner. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our proudest peacocks preening themselves beneath the ageless palm trees. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's show manages to cram a great deal of skating onto one small cake of ice. Dancing on dry land to Bernie Cummins' orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a seigneury devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Mark Monte and his Continentals are the principal purveyors of dinner and supper dance music in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is pervaded by an air of well-being that makes one feel in every way on top of the world. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw, which perform all evening, abet this mood. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon, while Myra Kingsley, aided by a zodiac or two, charts the course of your love life.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A fountain of youth that spouts champagne until around four in the morning. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The tree-lined terrace is ideal for nights when it's so warm the only covering you want is a blanket of stars. Dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Headquarters for the rumba fiends, who are egged on by Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra. Dona Mason sings while everyone else sits down.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Frankie Carle's and Mischa Borr's dance bands deploy at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, and so do a pair of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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dancers named Tommy Wonder and Margaret Banks. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve all by itself.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an enormously spacious oasis, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then by Chico Relli's trio, and not a single taxi horn. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who practically invented the coming-out party, starts his bouncy music at eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio is here, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): One of the town's best-dressed hideaways, with piano music by Alex Fogarty from nine until curfew. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio thumps away after ten. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): One of the oldest play pens in Manhattan, affording piano and violin after nine-thirty for relaxed romanticists. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy example of 1960 décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano from cocktails through supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): A casual setting in which Vicente Gomez offers his dinner and supper guitar sessions. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's well-arranged piano recital gets under way around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): The Weavers, blooming like the rose, sing their jolly folk songs and tell their jolly anecdotes, some of which are pointed up with hot licks by Terry Gibbs' dance band. Cliff Jackson is, as ever, at the keyboard during the intermissions. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Country life in the Times Square manner, with an unparalleled view of the George Washington Bridge. The clientele, mostly brought up on jokes with diagrams, should get a liberal education from the high-style antics of Mary McCarty. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The show goes on and on, often without rhyme or reason, but there's a rich reward—Joe Frisco, who's been out of town almost as long as Halley's Comet.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, starting about ten, Eadie and Rack play the prettiest, gayest, and most complex four-hand piano south of the Juilliard School. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, a fetching nightingale from Israel, and Orson Bean, a bland conversationalist who may turn out to be the most comical newcomer of the year. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off some peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Oliver Wakefield is in charge of the humor. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her lyric research into the pastimes of us moderns. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, who claims to be the laziest and is indisputably the loudest gal in town. The merriment is enhanced by the songs of Jimmie Daniels, as well as the piano work and pranks of Norene Tate and Garland Wilson, plus the cheery idiocies of Jimmy Komack and Marty Burns. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): There's been no break in the heat wave here for over five years. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Amid far more than the comforts of home, there's a sentimental journey to Dixieland by Bobby Hackett's sextet (nice brass trim by Mr. H. and Vic Dickenson, and tasty clarinet marmalade by Gene Sedric) and the out-of-this-world music of Red Norvo, aided by two new names-to-remember—Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is in charge of house-wrecking here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A hard-riding posse made up of Jimmy Archey, Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Some of the jazz world's fastest steppers zoom in and out of this alley. At the moment, songs by Dinah Washington, music by Slim Gaillard and Dizzy Gillespie. On Thursday, Aug. 2, there'll be some changes made. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees. On July 27, the rumpus will be in charge of such reliables as Wild Bill Davison, Yank Lawson, Claude Hopkins, Max Kaminsky, George Wettling, Bob Haggart, Lou McGarity, and Ray McKinley. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (July 27), Billy Butterfield, Peanuts Hucko, Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, and Conrad Janis's band will hold forth. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CITY ISLAND, N.Y.**: Lobster Box (CIty Island 8-1952). . . . ¶ Ryan's (CIty Island 8-9807); dancing on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Thwaite's (CIty Island 8-1023); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays. . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ¶ Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 6-7613). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-9883); closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

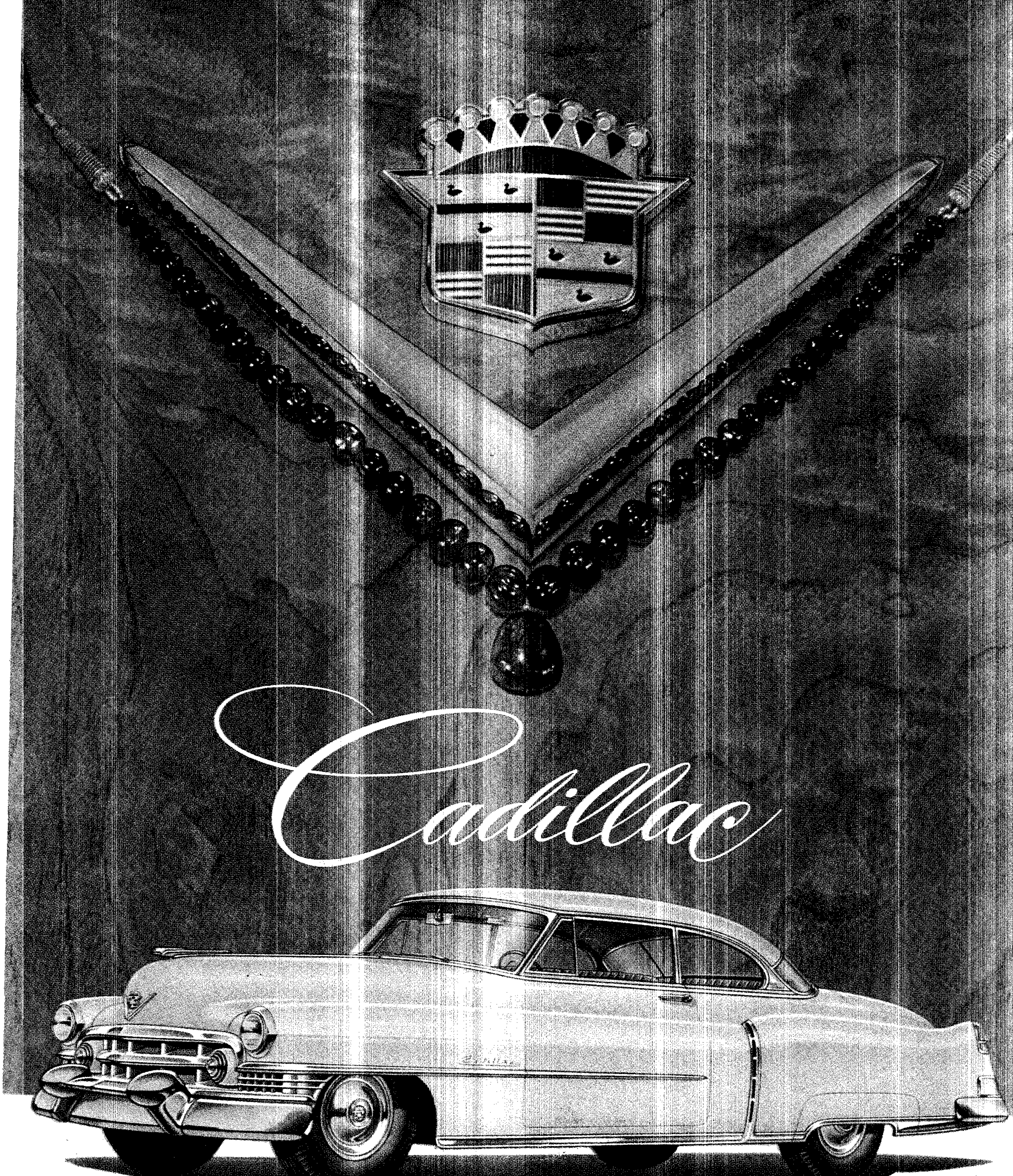
GALLERIES

Ludwig Bemelmans—A set of his oils, gouaches, and water colors, the majority of which have been reproduced in *The New Yorker*, *Holiday*, or other magazines. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through July 27.)

Daumier and Delacroix—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 28.)

The Sea—Marine paintings by Frederick J. Waugh, Gordon Grant, Alphonse J. Shelton, and others. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Aug. 31.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such Americans as Hassam, Inness, and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson, Will Barnet, and Henry Botkin, of the twentieth; through Aug. 31. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, Peter Grippe, José de Rivera, and others, in an exhibition of paintings, small sculptures, and prints; through Sept. 8. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Paintings by four modern French artists—Villon, Dufy, Léger, and Gromaire; through July 27. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Americans, among them Marin, Zorach, and Shahn; through Aug. 17. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Tchelitchew, Demuth, and other gallery artists; through July 27. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils by Europeans and Americans, chiefly Expressionists, among them Soutine, Kirchner, Feininger, and Vytlacil; through July 27. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery members, including Arthur Osver, Ethel Edwards, and Milton Hebald; through Aug. 22. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Summer is the theme of paintings by such members of the gallery as William Glackens, John Sloan, and Louis Bouché;



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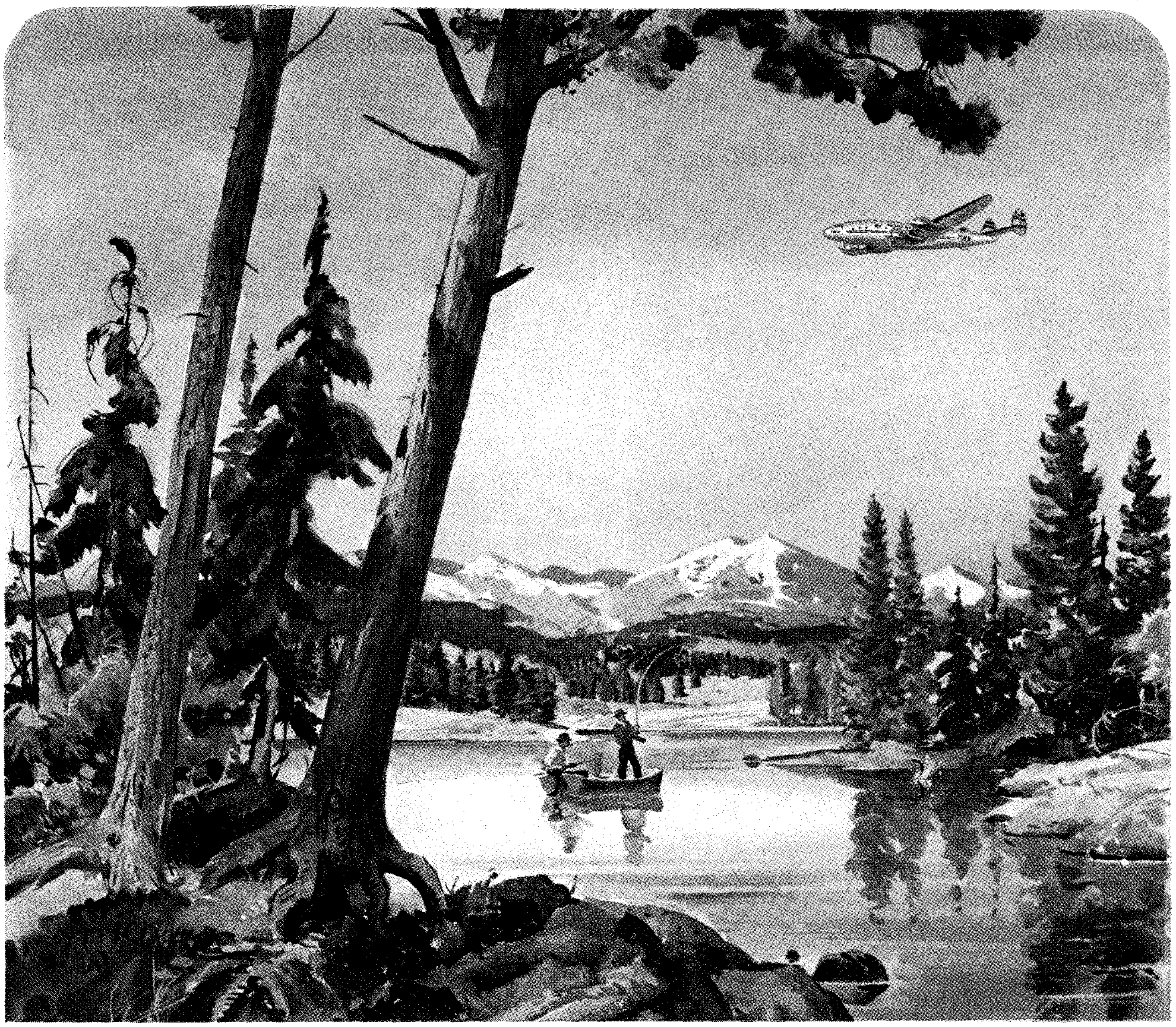

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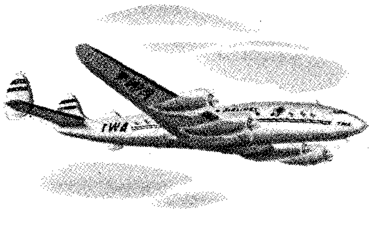

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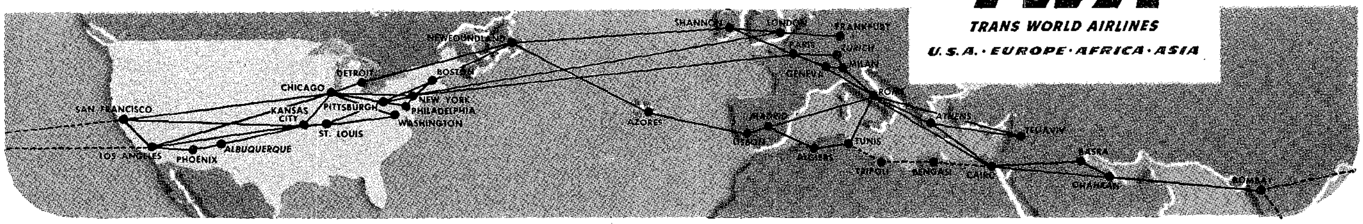
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Sept. 8. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson, and Stephen Etnier; through Sept. 28. . . . NEW ART CIRCLE, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Paul Klee, Randall Morgan, Max Beckmann, and other moderns; through Aug. 31. Open Saturdays. . . . NEW GALLERY, 63 W. 44th St.: Seong Moy, Adja Yunkers, and others are featured here in a display of prints. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4; through Aug. 18. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Morris Davidson, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, J. M. Hanson, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by French and American artists, including Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Aug. 31. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: New landscapes and still-lifes by the gallery group, which includes Joseph Kaplan, Harry Crowley, and Shirley Hendrick. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6; through July 31. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: The gallery's annual exhibition called "Fact and Fantasy," which this year comprises paintings by Ben-Zion, Alfred H. Maurer, Ary Stillman, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: A selection of pieces, in various materials, by Hugo Robus, Leo Amino, Cleo Hartwig, José de Creeft, and others. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through Aug. 31.

OPENING THIS WEEK—A group show at Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints of Parisian scenes and personalities by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Villon, and other French artists; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Japanese prints and paintings, mainly of the nineteenth century; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—A collection of gold and silver chalices, beakers, and other rare medieval objects, including a fifteenth-century Flemish altarpiece and some exquisitely carved oak panelling, all on view in a new addition to the museum, called the Treasury. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish ceremonial and art objects lent to the Museum by Michael M. Zagayski; also paintings of Israel by James N. Rosenberg. (Thursday, 3 to 5; Sunday, 11 to 6; through July 29.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventy of Winslow Homer's water colors, drawings, and prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The major summer show is an exhibition of works lent by five private collectors: Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Odets (twenty-one Klees), Mr. and Mrs. John L. Senior, Jr. (twelve Mondrians), Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin (well-known modern French artists), and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III (American abstractionists and European sculptors); through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A small and generally interesting loan showing of works from the Alfred Stieglitz collection, featuring early pieces by such moderns as Picasso, Severini, Marin, Hartley, and O'Keeffe; through Aug. 12. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Currently on display here are recent acquisitions, consisting of paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay, plus a Pevsner construction and other items. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Sept. 30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: A hundred student pictures selected from twenty-five professional art schools and college art departments. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 23.) . . . BLUE HILL, MAINE. Rowantrees Pavilion: Pen drawings by Pietro Lazzari, and a group show including such artists as Hedda Sterne, Ad Reinhardt, and William Congdon. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30; Sunday, noon to 6; through July 31.) . . . CANAAN, N.Y. The Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American artists, among them Hopper, Marsh, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and Sol Wilson. (Daily, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 3.) . . . DENNIS, MASS. Cape Arts Center: Paintings and sculptures by Lawrence Kupferman, Kahlil Gibran, and others. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 8:30; through July 31.) . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: Works by Walter Stuempfig, Alexander Brook, Julian Levi, and other Americans, as well as an educational display on van Gogh. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Aug. 7.) . . . HARTFORD, CONN. Wadsworth Atheneum: A showing of about fifty paintings, sculptures, and prints, all done by New England artists. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting Aug. 1.) . . . MANCHESTER, VT. Southern Vermont Art Center: An exhibition of Old Masters. (Daily, 2 to 8; through Aug. 10.) . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others, in the first part of the Association's twenty-seventh Annual. (Daily, 10 to 5:30; through July 27.) . . . NEWPORT, R.I. Art Association of Newport: One-man shows by Jean de Botton, Florence Peers, and James D. Herbert. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting July 27.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Ernest Fiene, Chris Ritter, Edward Betts, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to noon and 1 to 5:30; Sunday, 2 to 5:30; through July 29.) . . . OLD LYME, CONN. Lyme Art Association: Fiftieth annual summer show of oils, plus some pastels, water colors, prints, and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 19.) . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. Berkshire Museum: Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 31.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: Work in various mediums by Hans Hofmann, George Biddle, Karl Knaths, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sunday, 2 to 6 and 7 to 10; through July 29.) . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: There are several exhibitions here currently, among them a group show by Maine artists and a collection of oils and water colors by William Thon. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: A jury show of works by Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday, 3 to 6; through July 31.) . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: Two groups, the first consisting of French painters, among them Renoir and Utrillo, and the second of five contemporary American and French artists, among them Wing Howard and Bernard Buffet. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sunday, 3 to 5; Thursday evening, 7 to 9; through July 29.) . . . STONY BROOK, L.I. Suffolk Museum: Paintings by John Koch. (Daily, 12:30 to 5:30; through July 29.) . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Ganso Gallery: Oils, sculptures, and ceramics, by Bruce Currie, Joseph Presser, and other gallery members. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6; Sunday, 1 to 5; through July 31.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 26: Lehman Engel directing a Gilbert and Sullivan program, with Elaine Malbin, soprano; Mary Davenport, contralto; other soloists; and a chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: Robert Stolz conducting a program of Viennese music, with Irra Petina, mezzo-soprano, and Kurt Baum, tenor. . . . ¶ Monday, July 30: Pierre Monteux conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Szigeti, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 31-Aug. 1: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Alexander Smallens conducting, with the Ballet Theatre presenting "Les Sylphides," "Interplay," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Marguerite Piazza, soprano;

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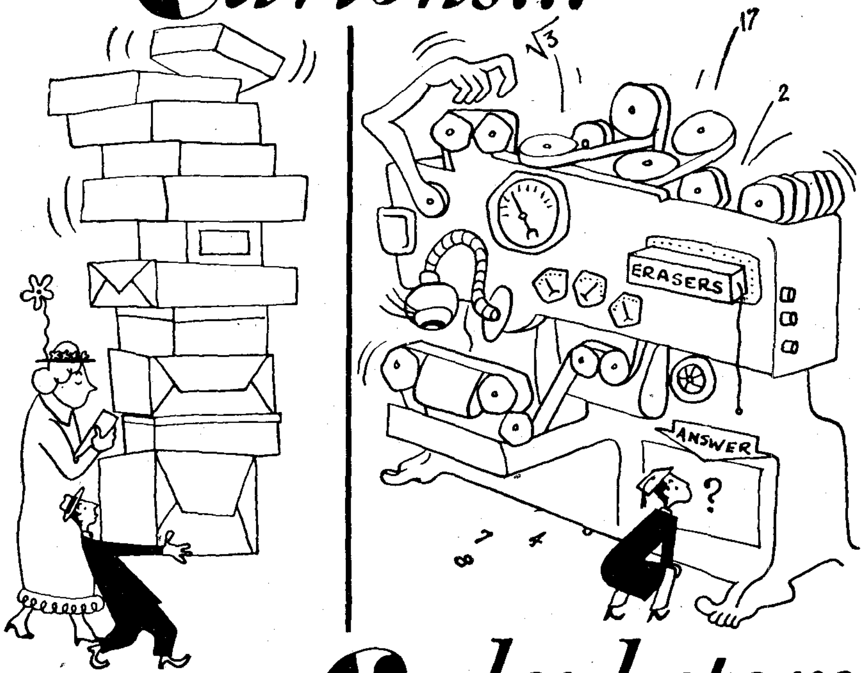

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robert Weede, baritone; and Earl William, tenor. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Thursday, July 26: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 31: Robert Hufstader directing a program of vocal chamber music, with Catherine Aspinall, soprano, and Rawn Spearman, tenor. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 1: Jane Carlson, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Joyce Flissler, violin, and David Garvey, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All concerts are at 4; the series will continue through Thursday, Aug. 9. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday, July 28, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, Emerson Buckley conducting, with George Bennett, violin. (Tuesday, July 31, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Charles Münch conducting the Boston Symphony: Thursday, July 26, at 8:15. Saturday, July 28, at 8:15; with Claudio Arrau, piano. Sunday, July 29, at 3. Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:15. Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Boris Goldovsky will direct Richard Strauss's opera "Ariadne auf Naxos," to be presented by the Festival's Opera Department Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 6-7, at 8:15. For information about opera tickets, which must be procured at least a week in advance, address the Berkshire Music Center. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. The Festival will continue through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 2.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—The Juilliard String Quartet. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 4, at 4. For information about tickets, address the South Mountain Association, Pittsfield, Mass.

ELISABETH SCHUMANN—Soprano, in two lieder recitals. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 2-3, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, July 27, at 8:30; Saturday, July 28, at 2; and Sunday, July 29, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Monday, July 30, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 3, at 2:30, and Saturday, Aug. 4, at 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Asociation Amateur Championship. (Hempstead Golf Club, Hempstead. Through Sunday, July 29.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 2-5.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

RACING—SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 28, and the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 28, and the Choice, Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15; it is met by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, July 29.) . . . ¶ Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton. Through Sunday, July 29.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday, July 30, through Sunday, Aug. 5. . . . ¶ United States vs. Mexico, in the second round of the American Zone Davis Cup eliminations. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 3-5.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25.

YACHTING—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 4, through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Flushing Meadow, Mondays through Fridays, the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively set to adjourn Monday, July 30) is in session, in a room accommodating about sixty onlookers. In addition, the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly hold occasional meetings to which the public is admitted. For information about tickets and transportation, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

BIRD CAGES—An exhibition that runs the gamut from tenement to palace, complete with live residents. Many of the cages—there are about forty, dating from 1735 to the present—reflect the development of architecture in various countries, with designs ranging from a Swiss chalet to a Venetian bridge. (Cooper Union, Cooper Square at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The summer show is called "The Beginning and End of the World." It deals with several theories of the earth's origin, as well as with some of the non-atomic ways it might come to an end. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

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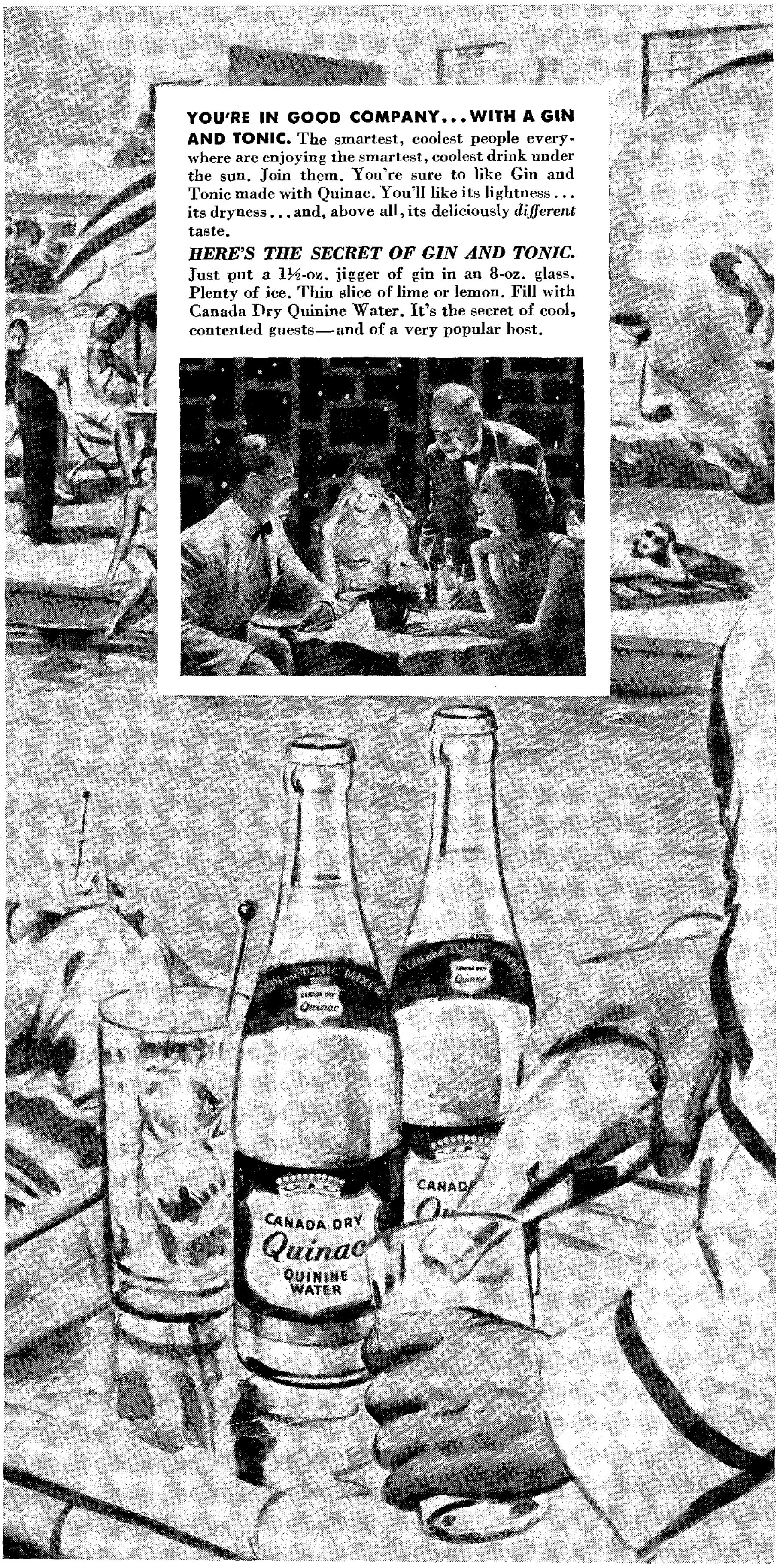
NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers are being opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bitter Rice—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Brave Bulls—A rather specialized item dealing with the peculiarly gloomy worries and woes of bullfighters. Made in Mexico by an American outfit, the film includes some scenes in the arena that ought to interest anybody who is not utterly opposed to the sport. Mel Ferrer is on hand as a matador, and the cast is rounded out with a good many genuine Mexicans. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through July 28. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; July 27-28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; July 28-31. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; July 29-30.)

The Emperor's Nightingale—A beautiful and fantastic film from *Czechoslovakia, in which* animated dolls do most of the acting. Derived from one of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales, the picture has an English commentary, written by Phyllis McGinley and recited by Boris Karloff, and a lively score. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Fourteen Hours—A tense description of the backings and fillings of an upset youth perched on a ledge high above Manhattan. Richard Basehart does an excellent job as the distraught hero, and he is ably assisted by Paul Douglas, Agnes Moorehead, Robert Keith, and Barbara Bel Geddes. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; July 26.)

The Frogmen—Underwater maneuvers by some alleged Navy swimmers toting dynamite around in the depths to the chagrin of the Japanese in the last war. Led by Richard Widmark, the Hollywood mermen create quite an uproar before the final shot is fired. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 31.)

Kon-Tiki—Six men on a raft, drifting to Polynesia. The object of the odyssey was to prove that the first settlers of some of the Pacific islands were Peruvians. A fascinating documentary, narrated by Thor Heyerdahl, leader of the group and author of the well-known book of the same title. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Show Boat—As if you didn't know. The tunes are still good, even if the craft is a bit topheavy in this version. William Warfield, with "Ol' Man River," establishes himself as the best singer of the piece, and Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Ava Gardner kick around the other celebrated numbers. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Strangers on a Train—Alfred Hitchcock has certainly done better than this, but even here he has a lot of ingenious tricks to show his fellow movie-makers. The thing has to do, as you might expect, with murder, the chase, and incidental whimsies. Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman do their best for the Master. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Aug. 1.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

All My Sons (1948)—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play about an unscrupulous industrialist who makes the most of business in wartime. With Edward G. Robinson and Burt Lancaster. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; July 26.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—Foolishness about divorce. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 30-31.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

The Bridge of San Luis Rey (1944)—The screen version of Thornton Wilder's novel. With Lynn Bari and Francis Lederer. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 28.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27-31.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through July 27.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting July 27.)

The Devil and Daniel Webster (1941)—Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and Anne Shirley in Stephen Vincent Benét's Faustian fable of New Hampshire in the eighteen-forties. Formerly called "All That Money Can Buy." (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Aug. 1.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Aug. 1.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life (1950)—*Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a British* comedy about the merger of a boys' school and a girls' school. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 26.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 28. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; July 29-31.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 1.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—A pair of tough citizens, Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell, who love but never trust each other. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; July 26.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy concerning a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Aug. 1, tentative.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and the like. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; July 29-31.)

State Fair (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 31, tentative.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 1.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 31. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Aug. 1.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 28.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy, with Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, and James Stewart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 29-30. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 30-31. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 29: Five D. W. Griffith films, including the battle sequence from "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), and "At the Crossroads of Life" (1908). . . . ¶ Starting July 30: Early films—French, Swedish, and American—in retrospect, spanning the period from about 1909 to 1939. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Happy Go Lovely," David Niven, Vera-Ellen.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
TALES OF HOFFMANN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Rich, Young and Pretty," Jane Powell, Vic Damone.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through July 27: "The Prowler," Van Heflin, Evelyn Keyes.
From July 28: "Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Ace in the Hole," Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Comin' Round the Mountain," Abbott and Costello.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Alice in Wonderland," a film with a cast of puppets, along with a couple of genuine actors, including Carol Marsh, Pamela Brown, and Felix Aylmer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SHOW BOAT.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 31: "Peking Express," Joseph Cotten, Corinne Calvet.
From Aug. 1: "That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through July 31: "Take Care of My Little Girl," Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson.
From Aug. 1: "Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Francis Goes to the Races," Donald O'Connor, Piper Laurie.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 30: "New Mexico," Lew Ayres, Marilyn Maxwell.
From July 31: "Bright Victory," Arthur Kennedy, Peggy Dow.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"On Moonlight Bay," Gordon MacRae, Doris Day.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

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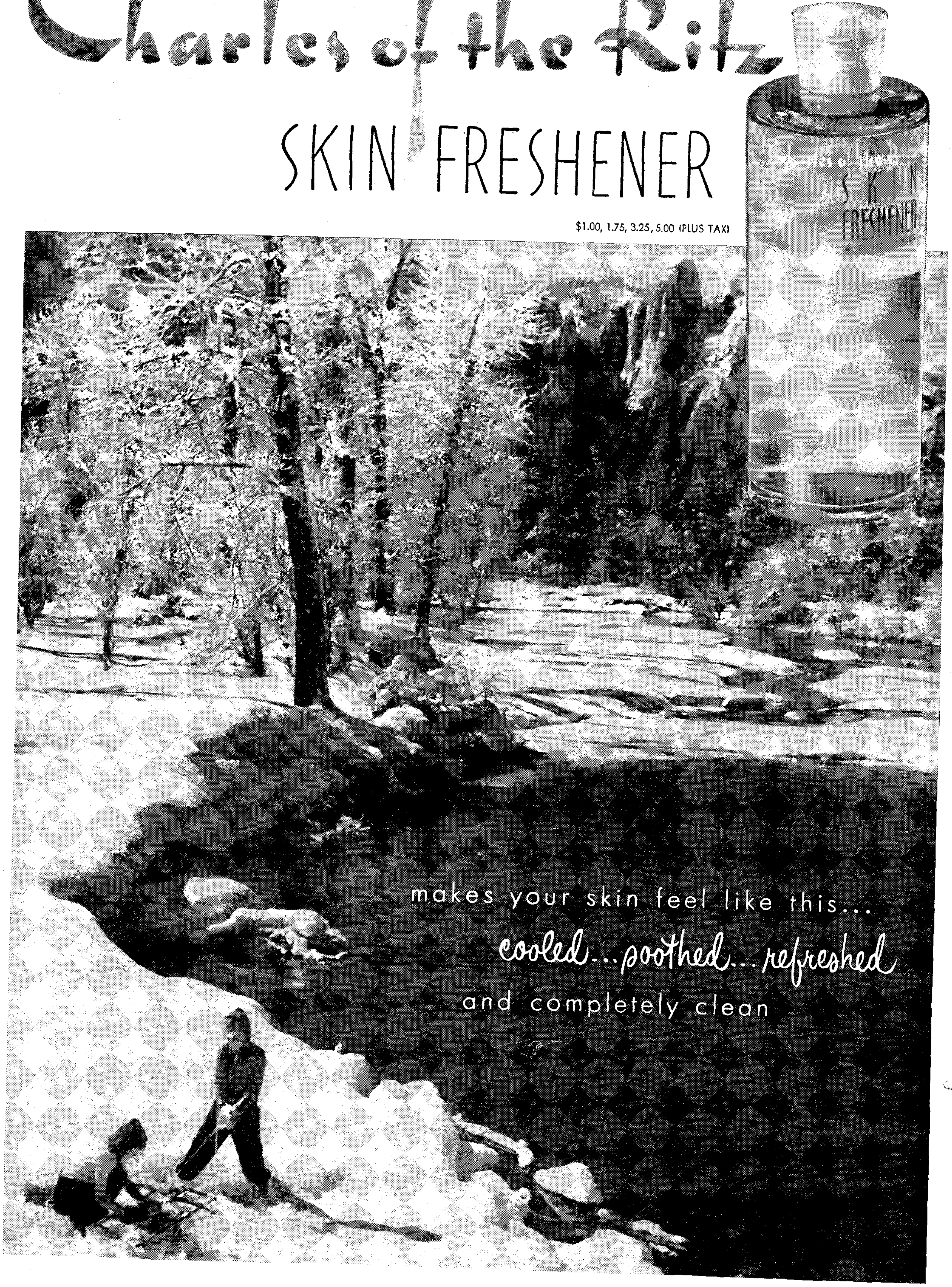
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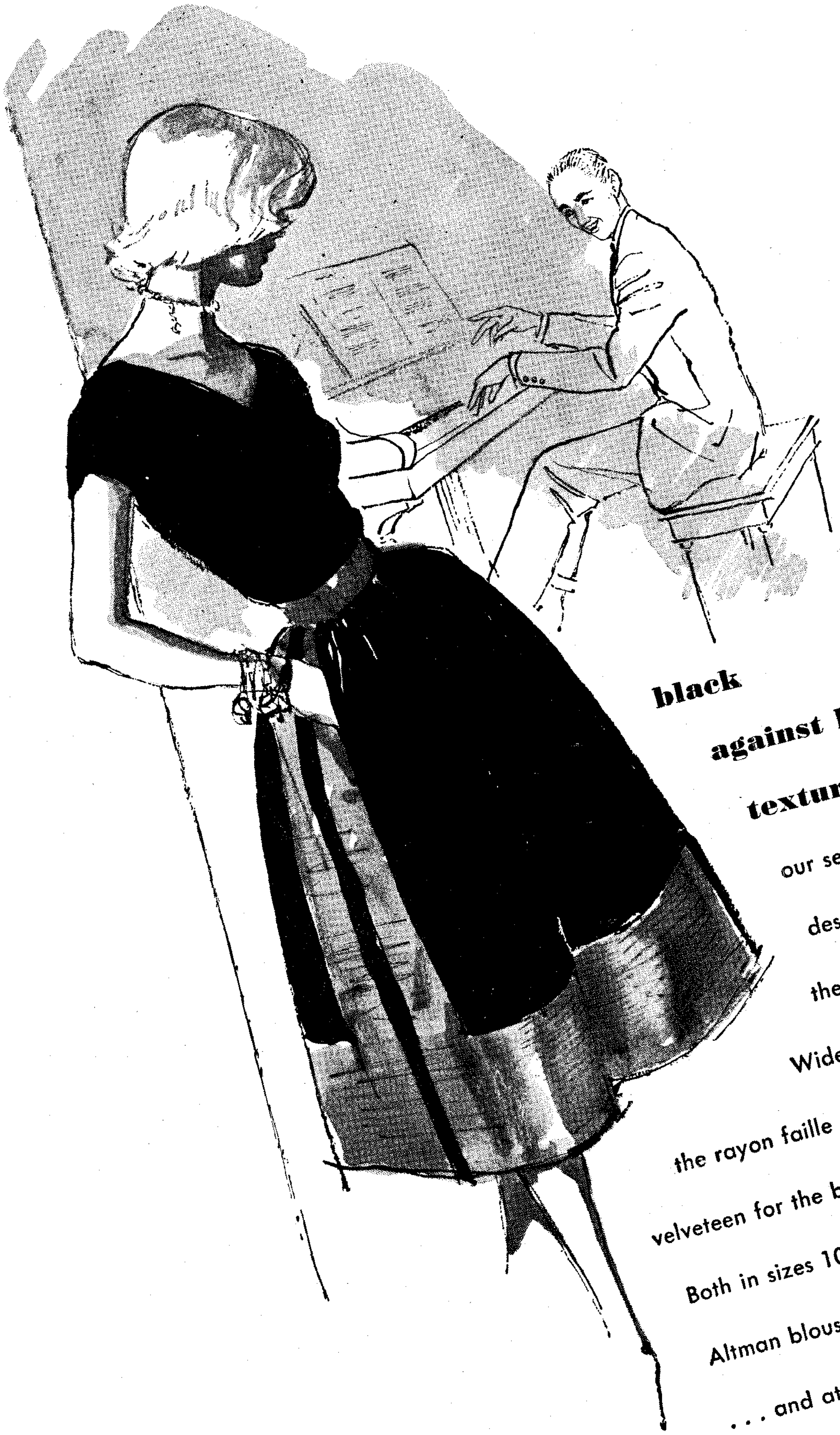

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

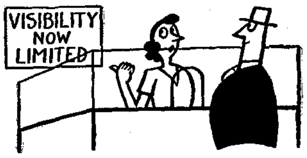
WAITING for some definite and reassuring word from the conference room in Kaesong has been not unlike waiting for the obstetrician to come down from the delivery room and report on a woman who has been in unusually difficult and protracted labor. All the customary sensations are present—the uncertainty, the fear, the sense of being unable to do anything to help the direct participants, and the urge to take a nip to steady the nerves. We can only hope that the ordeal in the inner sanctum will end quickly and satisfactorily, and that the offspring, however odd it may look when first exposed to view, will be healthy, will be smart as a whip, and will enjoy a long and tranquil life.

AS of this writing, the delegates are still trying to decide on a formal agenda, and in this respect they are far worse off than the expectant mother, whose agenda is never in doubt. It seems to be increasingly hard for high-level conferees like those in Kaesong to agree, no matter how many carefully chosen words they exchange, on just what it is they want to talk about. The ritual of drawing up the agenda has become a barrier as hard to get past as radar, and may be remembered as one of Communism's most peculiar contributions to contemporary civilization. Up to a few years ago, as far as we can recall, there was never anything terribly complicated about an agenda. It was simply something that was on hand when a meeting was called to order, like a pitcher of ice water at the chairman's elbow.

THE picture of one of the assistants on the United Nations negotiating team, an Army colonel from New York, was published in the *Times* the other day, and we noticed, with a twinge of regret, that he was sporting on the lapels of his uniform the insignia of the Judge Advocate General's Department. Up to then, we'd always thought that one of the few advantages of military negotiations over civilian was the military's saucy non-dependence on lawyers. Few civilians about to engage in delicate negotiations would dream of entering upon them without an attorney hovering close by. We'd been under the naïve impression that the armed forces, however, were singularly blessed in that they could dispatch admirals and generals to a place like Kaesong unencumbered in their mission by the cautionary whispers of counsel. Well, our illusions are shattered now, and we're resigned to the inevitability that in this drama, too, the protagonists dare not be guided solely by the precepts of such as Mahan and Clausewitz but instead find themselves, like all the rest of us, abjectly dependent on that windy and ubiquitous old Blackstone.

Limited

THE eighty-sixth-floor observatory of the Empire State Building has been the subject of various researches of ours in the past. Recently, by design, we visited it on an afternoon when the weather was so bad that the building was invisible from the Public Library, and the upper stories invisible even from a point directly in front of the Thirty-fourth Street entrance. We reached the observatory only after a brief struggle at the ground-floor ticket office, which was unoccupied except for two ladies behind ticket windows, two men in panama hats, who appeared to be making a business deal, and a mother and daughter, who appeared to be passing the time of day. We approached one of the windows, and the ticket-seller jerked her head toward a large, lighted sign, "VISIBILITY NOW LIMITED." "You don't want to go up there today, honey," she said. "You can't even see the ground." When we stood firm, she went into explanations of the sign. "We've got signs for three, five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five miles," she told us. "If it's under a mile, it's Limited. Today, Limited means there ain't any." We said that was all right, and she shrugged and sold us a ticket.



We ascended to the observatory, where we found a couple of guards, a couple of girls behind the souvenir counter, a bartender, six waitresses sitting around at tables in the restaurant and gossiping, a table of five young lady visitors dispiritedly eating, and a man who introduced himself as William Suchanek, the observatory photographer and also the temporary manager, since Frank Powell, the regular manager, was on vacation, and Harry Ebert, Powell's assistant, was having his day off. Through the glass doors and windows giving on the outside promenade, which was not open to the public, nothing was visible but rain and thick, blowing mist. Mr. Suchanek brought over Louis Peteley, an observatory guard of long standing, and informed us that the visitor count so far that day was forty-seven—low even for foul weather. The average runs slightly over two thousand; the record high is seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine, while the record low is eight. "In other words," Suchanek said, "*somebody* has shown up and, what's more, paid his way every day the observatory's been open, and it's been open every day, rain or shine, since the building itself was opened, back in May of '31. On bad days, we get people who have left us until their last day in New York and are determined to come up even if they can't see anything. The evils of procrastination! Of course, when it's raining, nobody is allowed outside on the promenade. They might fall." "Fall *down*, not over," Peteley explained quickly. "That brick floor out there's slippery when wet."

Peteley then described the method he and the other guards use in estimating the visibility to be posted below. "If you can just see a couple of ships in the Hudson, that's one mile west," he said. "All of a sudden, Wall Street shows up, three miles south. The Statue of Liberty, five miles. North, we've got the south end of Central Park, one mile; the Cathedral of St. John, three miles; the George Washington Bridge, seven miles. Say you've got one mile south and three north, you average up and send 'two miles' downstairs." Peteley maintained that on a superb day he can descry Greenwich, twenty-eight miles away, with the unaided eye, and Stamford, thirty-three, with a telescope.

We went into the kitchen and had a brief talk with Mrs. Theresa McKeon, who presides over it. Mrs. McKeon said that she generally makes a point of telephoning the Weather Bureau before she orders. "Good day coming up, the order is ten large loaves of bread, fifty quarts of milk, and three large layer cakes," she informed us. "Bad weather like today—two loaves bread, five quarts milk, no cake. A cook's got to keep a weather eye peeled up here."

On our way to the elevator, we asked Peteley whether, in spite of all downstairs warnings, foul-weather visitors ever make a fuss or demand their money back. Before answering he pointed out, on the wall opposite the souvenir counter, a large, detailed water color of the view north from the observatory on a fine day. "Painted fourteen years ago by Ernest Watkinson, one of our guards," said Peteley. "Once in a while, we get somebody who simply won't believe what they tell him below, and then gets kind of cranky when he finds out it's so. What I do, I just show him the souvenirs, take him around to the restaurant, the bar, and so forth, and, finally, bring him over and point out the landmarks—George Washington Bridge, Central Park, Greenwich—on this picture here. He usually leaves in a pretty fair humor."

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Incidental Intelligence: Sign on a shop at 158 West Eleventh Street: "Dinty Moore, Antiquated Antiques."

The Genova Tavern, on West Houston Street, is offering, according to its menu, "Filet O'Sole."

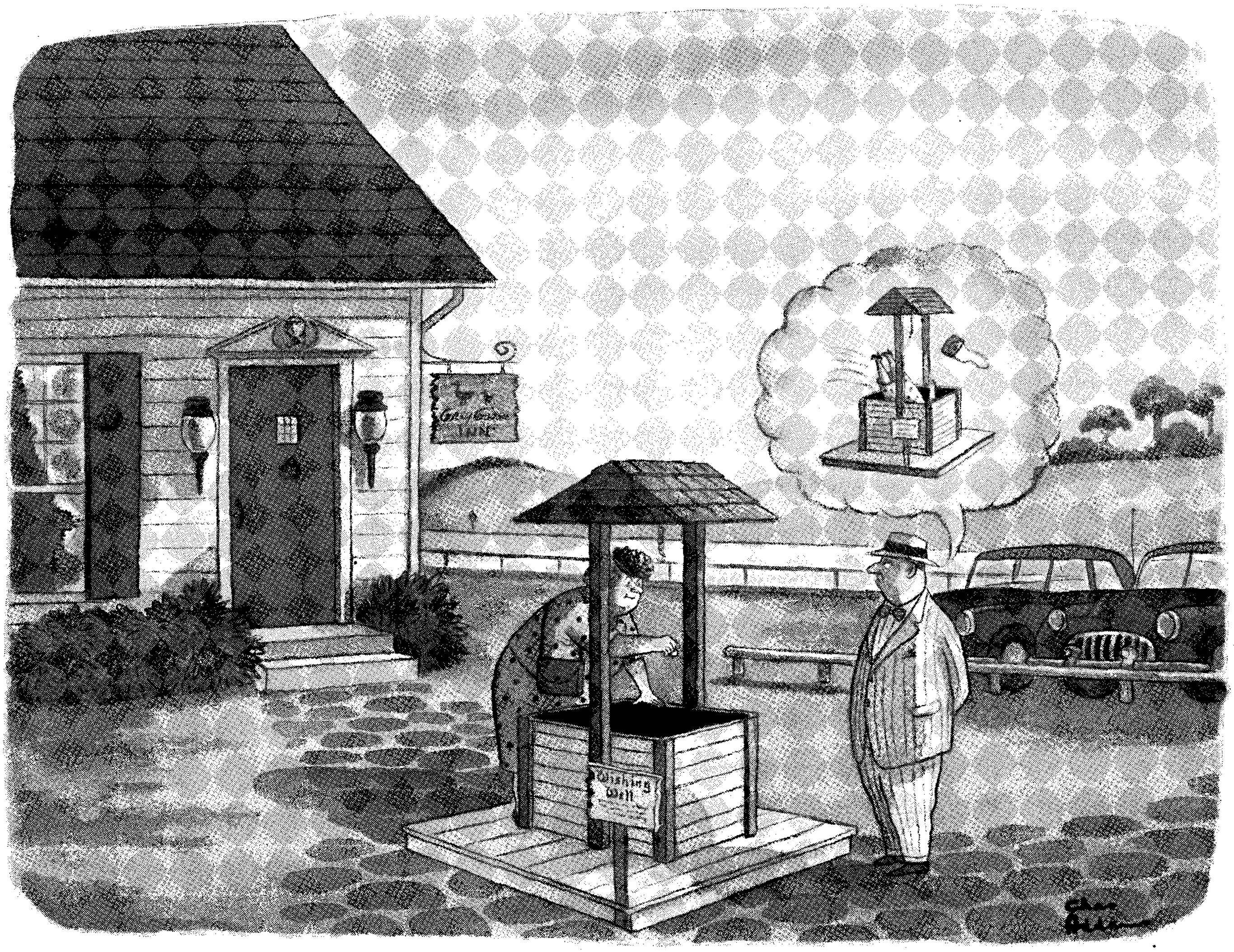
The letterhead of the *Herald of Westchester*, in White Plains, reads, in part, "Reaching the 'Bon Vivant' Class in Smart Westchester."

Ginger King

Mr. U Tat Chee, of Hong Kong, the ginger king of the world, was at the Waldorf the other day, and we hurried over and had a talk with him. Mr. U is a short, friendly, authoritative man with liquid brown eyes, a slight stoop, and an excellent command of English. He was born in Hong Kong in 1894, the son of a small businessman, was educated at Queen's College there, and then spent eleven years in the export business in Malaya. His given names, Tat Chee, mean "Object—to be prosperous," and he has lived up to them. He went back to Hong Kong in 1928, and presently became a partner in, and subsequently the principal owner of, the Chy Loong ginger factory, the oldest of the eleven ginger factories in Hong Kong. "The preserved-ginger industry started more than a hundred and thirty years ago, and I control it," he told us. "It originated in Canton, South China, when a street vender there, Li Chy, sold some ginger sweetmeats—ginger crystallized in sugar—to a British diplomat. He took some back to England and gave it to his friends, who liked it. Some of it was given to the Queen, who also liked it, and ordered that it be served at all royal banquets, or so legend has it. In 1820, to fill the English orders that came to him, Li Chy started the Chy Loong factory, which moved to Hong Kong in 1851."

Mr. U went on to say that in 1937, to end cutthroat competition, which was doing none of the eleven factories any good, he rounded them all up in a coöperative called the Hong Kong Preserved Ginger Distributors, Ltd.; this organization controls production and prices on a share-and-share-alike basis, and Mr. U is its chairman and managing director. He is also vice-chairman and chief representative of the Hong Kong Chinese Manufacturers' Union and chairman of the Hong Kong delegation to the annual British Industries Fair. In this last capacity, he and a hundred and twenty-four other delegates recently flew to the Fair in two chartered planes. "We had a Hong Kong stall—textiles, enamel and aluminum ware, and so forth," he said. "In 1949, the King and Queen visited our stall, and so did Queen Mary. This year, Queen Mary invited me to Marlborough House for a half-hour visit, showed me her embroidery and other treasures, and gave me a signed photograph of herself. I gave her a blackwood-and-mother-of-pearl table."

Mr. U showed us Queen Mary's picture, and told us that all preserved ginger, processed with sugar or syrup—or, at any rate, all really first-class preserved ginger—comes from Hong Kong. "During the war," he said, "when the supply was cut off, the Japanese tried to produce it in Formosa, the Dutch tried to produce it in the West Indies, the Americans tried to produce it in Cuba, and the Australians tried to produce it in Queensland, but it was all too fibrous. No good as a sweetmeat. With ginger, which is the rootstalk of the ginger plant, you get one crop a year." The eleven factories that Mr. U controls export ten thousand tons annually, mostly to England, Holland, and America. "The Chinese restaurants here sell our ginger," he said, "but interest in it has fallen off in the United States since the war, and I hope to revive it. We need more sellers here, and they oughtn't to sell ginger with as big a markup as they do now. I like the American idea of keeping shops open late. English shops close at five, just when people get out from work and are ready to spend money. And all those holidays! The English don't encourage spending—there's too much austerity there. Americans encourage spending,



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and this helps employment, and makes the whole country busy."

Mr. U is married, and the father of eight. One of his five sons, U Man Lan, is a sophomore at Oregon State College, where he is specializing in the technology of food preservation, with an eye to joining his father's business. We asked U Senior how he personally felt about ginger sweetmeats, and he replied, with a touch of melancholy, that he had diabetes and wasn't allowed to touch the stuff.

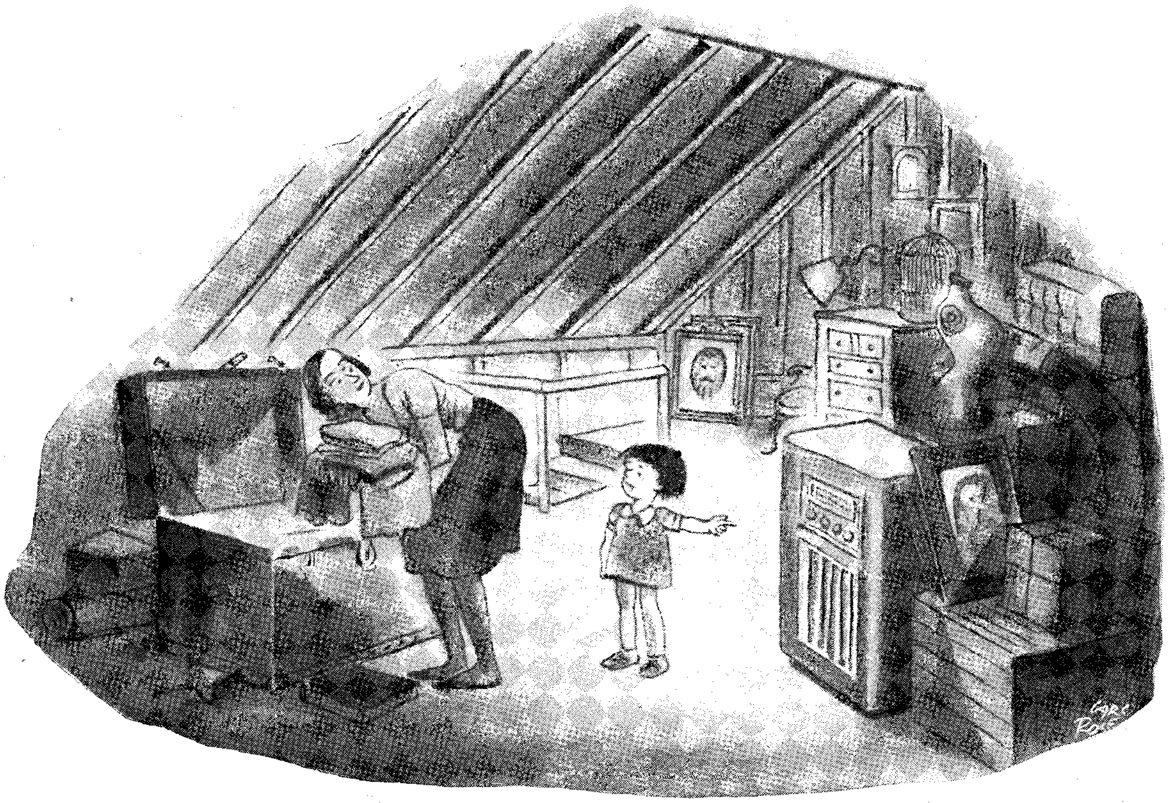
Scout

A LADY visitor to the Brooklyn Museum of Art, after inspecting an exhibit of furniture on the third floor, was of two minds as to whether to climb to the fourth. On the one hand, she had never been on the fourth floor and was curious to know what was up there. On the other hand, she was bushed. Spying a small boy on his way up the stairs, she asked him if he knew what was above. He said no, but volunteered to report to her. His eager countenance presently appeared at the top of the stairs, and he called out, "Art."

Ten-Per-Cent Stretch

AN ugly rumor has been floating around town to the effect that light summer reading and, with it, the hammock in which such reading is traditionally done are things of the past. We've looked into the subject, and though we were unable to procure reliable figures on the comparative weights of winter and summer reading, we can report that in regard to the hammock the rumor is poppycock. That article of outdoor ease not merely is holding its own against steel gliders and magnesium deck chairs but, for the first time in fifty years, is enjoying what passes in hammock circles for a considerable boom. It should be added that the circles have, at the moment, fairly small diameters, there being only two hammock-makers of any importance in the whole country and both of them being situated in towns in Wisconsin. These towns—Baraboo and Algoma by name—are in the heart of what was once the hammock center of the world. In those days, back around the turn of the century, the hammock was almost as common a part of the domestic scene as the trees between which it was slung, and bustling hammock factories abounded. The last Eastern hammock factory, in Middletown, Connecticut, gave up the ghost about three years ago, and in doing so helped to launch the present boom. It sold its stock of hammocks dirt-cheap to several local department stores, which promoted them heavily, thus, in the best advertising tradition, causing the public to feel a sudden, desperate craving for hammocks, hammocks, hammocks. At Macy's, hammock sales have tripled since 1948, and the factory in Baraboo expects to dispose of some eighty thousand hammocks in the East alone this year—double the number it disposed of last year.

The hammock is one of the few pieces of furniture that are known to have been invented in this hemisphere. Lucayan Indians in the Bahamas bartered hammocks with Columbus in 1492,



"What's that, Mama?"

• •

and Spanish and other European sailors quickly adopted them for use in sleeping aboard ship. Over the years, the Spanish killed off most of the Caribs in the West Indies, and the remainder hid out in the jungles; some of their descendants can be found there today, bad-tempered and still sleeping in hammocks. The Carib hammock is woven from the bark of the hamack tree. This material is light and delicate, and is made into sashes as well as hammocks.

Hammocks failed to catch on with the lay public until the eighteen-eighties, possibly because in their early form they were too perilous for anyone but a skilled Carib or sailor to risk climbing in and out of. In the eighties, improved models, wider and with cross-bracing to help keep them from turning over, were offered for sale, and from then on it was a poor lawn indeed that didn't have at least one bright-colored hammock. As hammocks gained in popularity, they grew ever gaudier and more complicated, and were made in all sorts of queer shapes and sizes. One jaunty style had a canopy of mosquito netting; other styles included awning-covered hammocks, bassinet hammocks for infants, and hammocks with windshields. By 1925, the vogue of the hammock was past. This may have been due in part to the fact that it required tree trunks or porch posts for support, and was therefore nearly always in the shade. Americans used to do everything they could to avoid the summer sun, but the generations following the First World War were eager to be burned and tanned. (Even the porch—posts, roof, and all—abruptly disappeared.)

About ten years ago, the steel hammock stand was developed, and the tide began, ever so slowly, to turn. The stand, which cradles the hammock in a framework of tubular metal, has the advantage that it can be set up anywhere. Stand and hammock together weigh only about thirty-five pounds and can support up to fifteen hundred pounds, or ten astonished Caribs. Hammock fabrics are usually woven cotton, with a ten-per-cent stretch. Canvas hammocks, being closely woven, are apt to get too hot for comfort. The latest-model hammocks feature such refinements as adjustable pillows, fringed valances, concealed spreader bars, rustproof rings, and, of course, hoity-toity names, among them the Riviera, the Parisienne, and the Fiesta.

Habit

A CONNECTICUT reader advises us that a chapter of the Colonial Dames in that state recently held a meeting in the garden of its president's country place, separated only by a high, thick hedge from a neighbor's goat pasture. Well, it seems the neighbor's herdsman is wont to summon his charges to their meals by clapping his hands vigorously, so no sooner had the ladies greeted their first speaker by clapping *their hands vigorously* than from the other side of the hedge came a hungry chorus of "Baa"s. So it went, intermittently, all afternoon, with feeling in both garden and pasture running high.

Free Show

THE Paramount Theatre has just broken its own box-office record again, by taking in $289,500 in two weeks. The management accomplished this by offering its clientele, in addition to a movie called "Dear Brat" (a sequel to "Dear Ruth" and "Dear Wife"), the comedy team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who seem to have a frenzied following not only among the Copacabana set but among the Howard Johnson set. Martin and Lewis did six shows a day Sunday through Friday, and seven on Saturday—a total of eighty-six—and for that were paid, jointly, $144,700, which is also believed to set a record of some sort. What was of particular interest to us was the fact that when Martin and Lewis weren't on the stage, they gave impromptu performances out of their dressing-room windows, for the benefit of their fans down below. Altogether, they gave eighty or so of these impromptu performances, lasting from five minutes to seventeen minutes. About 273,000 people visited the Paramount Theatre during the two-week period, and it's estimated by Jack McInerney, director of advertising and publicity for the Paramount Theatre Corporation, that between ten and twenty per cent of them saw the impromptu shows. It was only because of this percentage, Mr. McInerney, a stocky, bespectacled man with a harried look, told us one day last week as we rode an elevator up to the fifth floor of the Paramount Building to visit Lewis's dressing room, that the theatre was able to effect enough "spills" to realize a profit. "A spill, in theatre parlance, is an exodus," Mr. McInerney explained. "It's the old question of the immovable body. Some of the kids were staying for four and five shows. It was suggested that we remove the candy stand and popcorn machines, so the kids would be up against starvation, but the smart ones brought sandwiches. Then we decided to do what we did with Frank Sinatra and Danny Kaye—lure the kids out into the street with a free, unrehearsed, spontaneous show. So they race around the corner to catch it. You'll hear 'em start screaming as they round the corner at Forty-fourth Street."

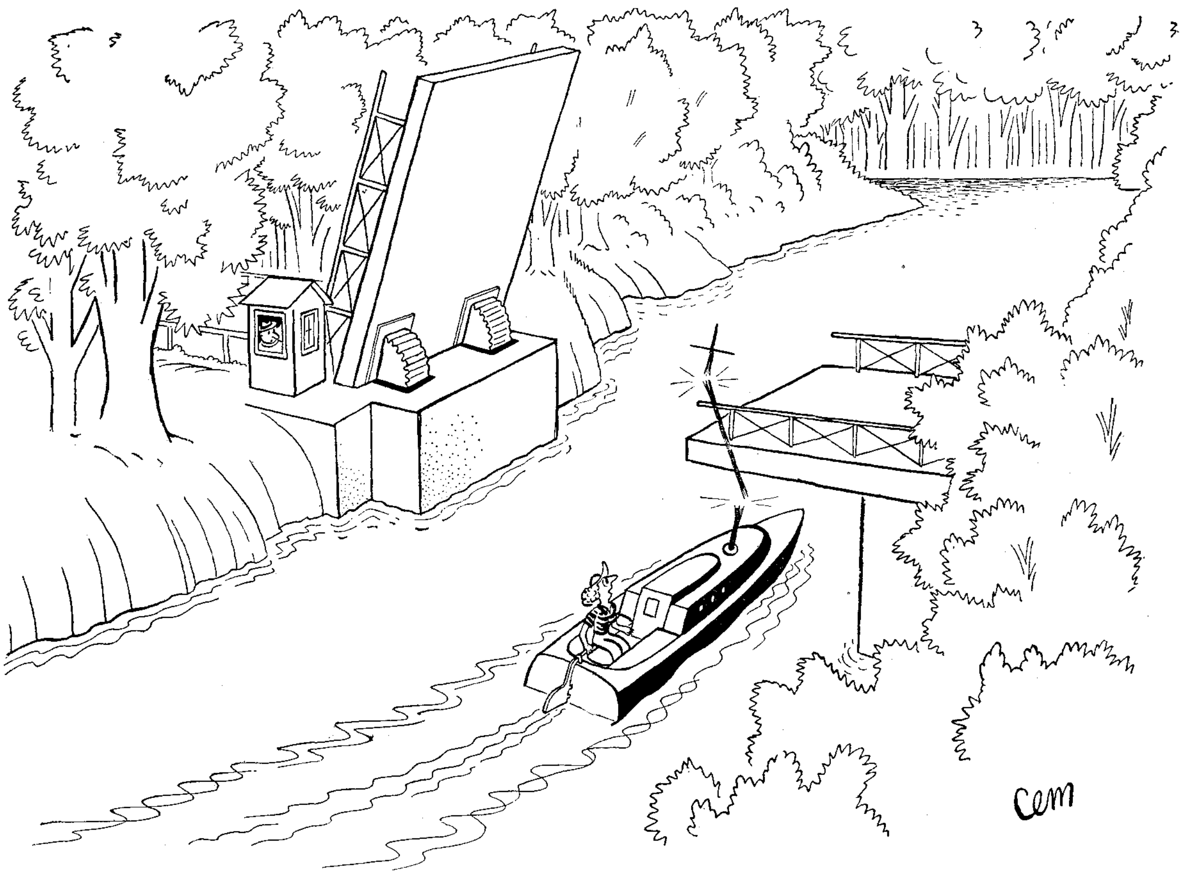
McInerney led us through a hallway into a small dressing room overlooking Forty-fourth Street. Men's suits and bow ties were hanging from racks on one side; a dressing table stood opposite, near the room's one window; three shotguns were propped against a couch; in one corner was a Coca-Cola crate with a portable television set on top of it; and in another corner were several cardboard boxes filled with photographs. Martin's dressing room, McInerney said, was directly above the one we were in. Most of the shows were done from Lewis's. We stuck our head out the window. About fifty young people were craning their necks up at us. McInerney told us he'd better throw out some pictures of Martin and Lewis. He picked up a boxful and carried it over to the window. "We used to throw out eight-by-ten glossies," he said, skimming a few photos toward the street, "but now, thank God, we have these small ones on cheap stock. About three dollars a thousand. Chic Barth, the stage doorman, says he's given out a hundred thousand at the door to pacify people who wanted to come up, and I guess Martin and Lewis have thrown out another hundred thousand from here." They had also thrown out up to then, we learned a moment later, twenty dozen bow ties, fifteen dozen handkerchiefs, two gross of straw hats, two pairs of slippers, two shirts, two pairs of socks, and one towel.

A pervasive shrieking rose from below, becoming progressively louder. McInerney paled and backed away from the window. Lewis, a tall, thin young man with dark hair, stalked into the dressing room, grabbed a handful of pictures, and threw them out. A man in shirtsleeves and a man in a gray suit followed Lewis in. "Dean sang flat into my ear in that last number," Lewis said to one of them. "It's a defense mechanism. McInerney, have you got change for twenty?" McInerney pulled out a roll of bills. "That's a miser's way of keeping money, don't you know that?" Lewis said, seizing four fives. He disappeared out the door with the money. A chant came up from the street: "We want Jerry! We want Jerry!" Lewis came back, took a suit off the rack, and dangled it out the window. Gasps and eager cries came up. Lewis hauled the suit in. Then Martin, a medium-sized young man with dark hair, came in, picked up an armful of pictures, and dumped them out. The man in shirtsleeves proceeded to pick up an armful and throw them out. After that, Lewis produced a trumpet and, leaning out the window, blew a shaky racetrack call, ending in a neighlike blast. The man in the gray suit said he was from the Music Corporation of America. "What's your name?" Lewis asked, pulling his head in and laying down the trumpet. "John," replied the M.C.A. man. "Well, sit down, John," said Lewis. "I saw your latest picture," John told him, sitting down on the couch. "It was great." Two unidentified gentlemen and a lady came in, briefly poked their heads out the window, and disported themselves about the room. "How do you make a check out for eight people?" Lewis asked, heading for his dressing table. Martin threw out another armful of pictures. "We want Jerry!" the crowd began chanting. "Watch this bit," Lewis said, springing to his feet. He picked up one of the shotguns and, poking it out the window, aimed it at the crowd. Gasps of horror welled up. Martin threw out a couple of bow ties. "Come on up!" Lewis shouted, brandishing the shotgun. He withdrew, picked up the trumpet again, and played "Ciribiribin." He put down the trumpet and threw out a shirt and two handfuls of pictures. "Come on up!" he shouted. We edged toward the door and ducked out.

Orientation

MAN visiting an Englishman in the United Nations Building happened to glance at a memo pad on his desk and read:

Cincinnati Reds—National
Boston Red Sox—American



IS THIS THE WAY TO SOLVE UNEMPLOYMENT?

THE attitude of employers toward employees, or potential employees, has occupied my thoughts intermittently ever since, in a newspaper interview with Charles M. Schwab published in the nineteen-twenties, I read that the then chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation had turned down a job applicant, a man apparently qualified in nearly all respects for the position he was seeking, because he wasn't wearing garters. Sloppy socks, the article intimated, was, or were, what caused the steel magnate to act so steely. As I recall it, the interview struck a really poignant note in that it revealed that Schwab, like the delicate-spoken people in many Lambert's Listerine advertisements, never told the man the reason for his rejection. I have often wondered what happened to him. I conjure up a vista of fruitless heel-coolings in anteroom after anteroom, of vain knocks on portal after portal, of, at best, heartbreaking silences after insincere "Well, we'll let you know"s—all of which a smidgen of awareness and an investment of fifty cents could have avoided. I suppose he eventually became a sand hog under the Hudson River, doing his faltering best to help construct the Holland Tunnel, only to expire of the bends, garterless and unsung, when, with a mere twist or two of rubber, he might have ankled his way triumphantly into the office now occupied by Eugene G. Grace, or sat, impeccably hosed, on the board of governors of the Union Club, or at least the Union League.

This picture remained so vivid in my mind that when, ten or twelve years later, I consulted my doctor about a circulatory affliction—the first, second, and third toes of my right foot had been asleep for several months—and he advised me to throw away my garters, it was only after a severe mental struggle, and the consoling reflection that I was in a line of business where appearances count for little, that I was able to follow his directions. Even so, for some time thereafter I repaired to my office with considerable trepidation. A raise in salary tended to dissipate this, and in 1941 the news that Mr. Schwab had died more than three hundred thousand dollars in debt restored my confidence completely.

I LOST it again during the war, and acquired another piece of insight into employment techniques, when my application for a commission in the Navy was refused because (or so a knowing Navy friend of mine later told me) I had smoked a pipe during a crucial interview with a captain. Recently, thanks to Mr. James W. Gerard, pre-World War I American Ambassador to Germany, I came across still another interesting employment wrinkle. "Molly has been not only a devoted helpmate, but also a charming companion, a skillful hostess, and a great aid to my career," Mr. Gerard writes, of his wife, in his memoirs, "My First Eighty-three Years in America," and continues: "Both government and business concerns are beginning to appreciate the value to a man of these possessions in appraising his fitness for important positions. I know one executive in a great publishing concern who never hires a man without getting a convincing affirmative to the question: 'Do you and your wife love each other?' "

Did I say "came across"? Perhaps it should have been "was reminded of," since Mr. Gerard's passage actually recalled to my mind the experience of a friend of mine who works, or worked, in a great publishing concern—I suspect the very one Mr. Gerard has reference to, because, shortly after V-J Day, when my acquaintance, whom I shall call Ipswich, was interviewed for the job, the man he talked to, after getting satisfactory responses to a number of queries and discussing terms, asked him precisely this question.

"Well, I guess so," Ipswich replied, "but you know the old French saying *'Dans l'amour, il y a toujours l'un qui aime et l'autre qui se laisse aimer.'* "

"Which are you?" asked the executive.

"Party of the first part," said my friend.

His interlocutor scratched his head. "I know you're a first-rate editor," he said, "and just the kind of man we're looking for, but I'm afraid that's not a very convincing affirmative."

Ipswich needed the job badly, for he owed twenty thousand dollars in income taxes; on my advice he had worn garters to the interview and had left his pipe at home, and this unexpected snag, coming after he had taken these precautions, was a blow to him. "My wife *sometimes* kisses me," he said, desperately.

"Well, I'll stretch a point," said the executive, "but you'll have to take a ten-per-cent cut from the figure we mentioned, since your domestic situation isn't quite up to our standard. Let me know if it improves."

Gerard left the relationship in which Ipswich found himself tantalizingly unexplored—he was in too much of a hurry to get on to *his* relationship with the Kaiser—so, as a matter of general interest in these days of widespread employment and unemployment, I propose to go on with my friend's case history. Very well. After six or eight months in his new position, Ipswich's domestic situation *did* improve. "Honey bunch, I haven't been this crazy about you for *years*," his wife said to him one evening, after drinking a bottle of sparkling Burgundy. She jumped into his lap and smothered him with kisses. He reported this episode to his boss the following morning and was immediately given a raise.

A few weeks later, the head of the publishing firm's personnel department stopped by at his desk. "How are things going?" he asked.

"Well, I have promising manuscripts from Ernest Hemingway, Truman Capote, General MacArthur, and Cordell Hull—" Ipswich began.

"No, no!" said the personnel man. "That isn't what I mean."

"Oh," said Ipswich. "Well, my wife is going to have a baby."

"Yours?" his colleague asked.

Ipswich nodded.

"I just wanted to know because we're making out the list of people to get Christmas bonuses," the personnel man said.

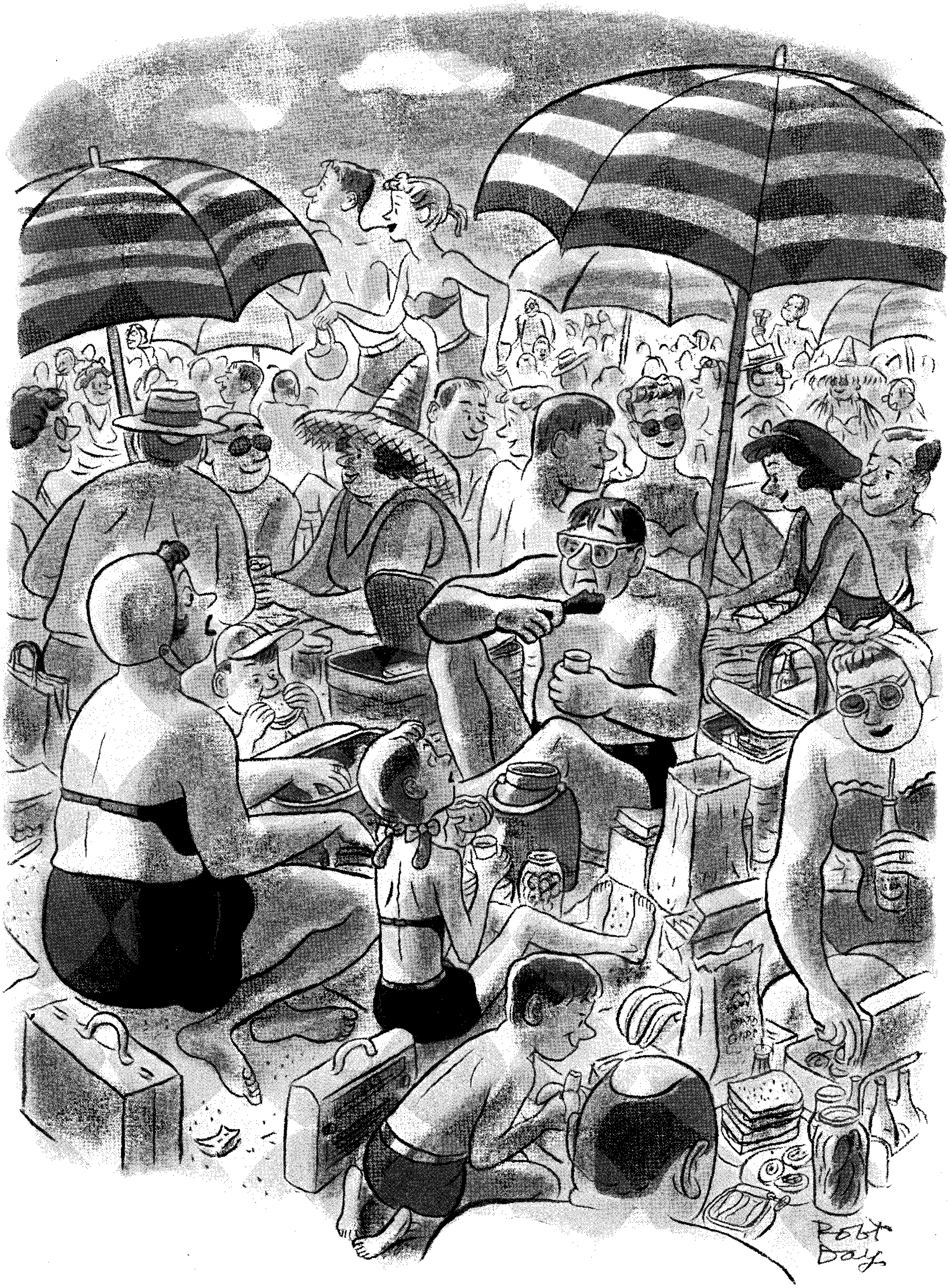
Ipswich got a handsome bonus, and during the next four or five years rose to a commanding position in the firm, with a large expense account, stock participation on a preferred basis, and time and a half extra for overtime.

Last March, the president of the company summoned him to his office and accusingly waved at him a Winchell clipping to the effect that he and his wife had come to a parting of the ways.

Ipswich hung his head. "You may as well know the truth," he said. "My wife has gone back to her mother, I have a part-time mistress, and I have taken to collecting stamps with pictures of Henry the Eighth on them."

The last I heard of him, he was sitting around the lobby of a second-rate hotel, a pipe in his mouth, and his socks dangling over his shoes.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN



"Where'd you get *that*? *I didn't bring any chicken."*

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

LAVENDER WITH A DIFFERENCE

NO. 915 South Champion Avenue, in Columbus, Ohio, is just another house now, in a long row of houses, but when we lived there, fifty years ago, it was the last house on the street. Just south of us the avenue dwindled to a wood road that led into a thick grove of oak and walnut trees, long since destroyed by the southward march of asphalt. Our nearest neighbor on the north was fifty yards away, and across from us was a country meadow that ticked with crickets in the summertime and turned yellow with goldenrod in the fall. Living on the edge of town, we rarely heard footsteps at night, or carriage wheels, but the darkness, in every season, was deepened by the lonely sound of locomotive whistles. I no longer wonder, as I did when I was six, that our cook, Belinda Woolfe, kept a pistol in her room, or that Aunt Mary Griffin, arriving at dusk for her first visit to us, looked about her disconsolately, and said to my mother, "Why in the world do you want to live in this godforsaken place, Mary?"

Almost all my memories of the Champion Avenue house have as their focal point the lively figure of my mother. I remember her tugging and hauling at a burning mattress and finally managing to shove it out a bedroom window onto the roof of the front porch, where it smoldered until my father came home from work and doused it with water. When he asked his wife how the mattress happened to catch fire, she told him the peculiar truth (all truths in that house were peculiar)—that his youngest son, Robert, had set it on fire with a buggy whip. It seemed he had lighted the lash of the whip in the gas grate of the nursery and applied it to the mattress. I also have a vivid memory of the night my mother was alone in the house with her three small sons and set the oil-splashed bowl of a kerosene lamp on fire, trying to light the wick, and herded all of us out of the house, announcing that it was going to explode. We children waited across the street in high anticipation, but the spilled oil burned itself out and, to our bitter disappointment, the house did not go up like a skyrocket to scatter colored balloons among the stars. My mother claims that my brother William, who was seven at the time, kept crying, "Try it again, Mama, try it again," but she is a famous hand at ornamenting a tale, and there is no way of telling whether he did or not.

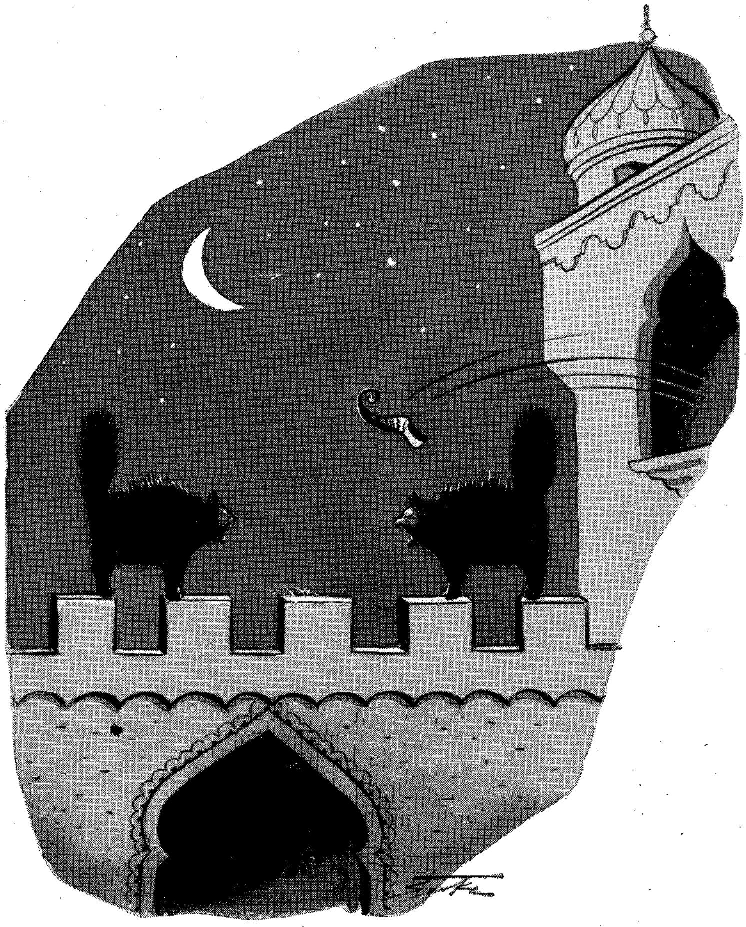
My brightest remembrance of the old house goes back to the confused and noisy second, and last, visit of Aunt Mary Griffin, who had cut her first visit short because she hated our two dogs—Judge, an irritable old pug, and Sampson, a restless water spaniel—and they hated her. She had snarled at them and they had growled at her all during her stay with us, and not even my mother remembers how she persuaded the old lady to come back for a weekend, but she did, and, what is more, she cajoled Aunt Mary into feeding "those dreadful brutes" the evening she arrived.

In preparation for this seemingly simple act of household routine, my mother had spent the afternoon gathering up all the dogs of the neighborhood, in advance of Aunt Mary's appearance, and putting them in the cellar. I had been allowed to go with her on her wonderful forays, and I thought that we were going to keep all the sixteen dogs we rounded up. Such an adventure does not have to have logical point or purpose in the mind of a six-year-old, and I accepted as a remarkable but natural phenomenon my mother's sudden assumption of the stature of Santa Claus.

She did not always let my father in on her elaborate pranks, but he came home that evening to a house heavy with tension and suspense, and she whispered to him the peculiar truth that there were a dozen and a half dogs in the cellar, counting our Judge and Sampson. "What are you up to now, Mame?" he asked her, and she said she just wanted to see Aunt Mary's face when the dogs swarmed up into the kitchen. She could not recall where she had picked up all of the dogs, but I remembered, and still do, that we had imprisoned the Johnsons' Irish terrier, the Eiseles' shepherd, and the Mitchells' fox terrier, among others. "Well, let's get it over with, then," my father said nervously. "I want to eat dinner in peace, if that is possible."

The big moment finally arrived. My mother, full of smiles and insincerity, told Aunt Mary that it would relieve her of a tedious chore—and heaven knows, she added, there were a thousand steps to take in that big house—if the old lady would be good enough to set down a plate of dog food in the kitchen at the head of the cellar stairs and call Judge and Sampson to their supper. Aunt Mary growled and grumbled, and consigned all dogs to the fires of hell, but she grudgingly took the plate, and carried it to the kitchen, with the Thurber family on her heels. "Heavenly days!" cried Aunt Mary. "Do you make a ceremony out of feeding these brutes?" She put the plate down and reached for the handle of the door.

None of us has ever been able to understand why bedlam hadn't broken loose in the cellar long before this, but it hadn't. The dogs were probably so frightened by



their unique predicament that their belligerence had momentarily left them. But when the door opened and they could see the light of freedom and smell the odor of food, they gave tongue like a pack of hunting hounds. Aunt Mary got the door halfway open and the bodies of three of the largest dogs pushed it the rest of the way. There was a snarling, barking, yelping swirl of yellow and white, black and tan, gray and brindle as the dogs tumbled into the kitchen, skidded on the linoleum, sent the food flying from the plate, and backed Aunt Mary into a corner. "Great God Almighty!" she screamed. "It's a dog factory!" She was only five feet tall but her counterattack was swift and terrible. Grabbing a broom, she opened the back door and the kitchen windows, and began to beat and flail at the army of canines, engaged now in half a dozen separate battles over the scattered food. Dogs flew out the back door and leaped through the windows, but some of them ran upstairs, and three or four others hid under sofas and chairs in the parlor. The indignant snarling and cursing of Judge and Sampson rose above even the laughter of my mother and the delighted squeals of her children. Aunt Mary whammed her way from room to room, driving dogs ahead of her. When the last one had departed and the upset house had been put back in order, my father said to his wife, "Well, Mame, I hope you're satisfied." She was.

100,000
B. Wiseman

"I should think this would have called for some kind of ceremony."

Aunt Mary Griffin, toward the end of her long life, got the curious notion that it was my father and his sons, and not my mother, who had been responsible for the noisy flux of "all those brutes." Years later, when we visited the old lady on one of her birthdays, she went over the story again, as she always did, touching it up with distortions and magnifications of her own. Then she looked at the male Thurbers in slow, rueful turn, sighed deeply, gazed sympathetically at my mother, and said, in her hollowest tone, "Poor Mary!"

ONLY a few months after poor Mary borrowed the neighbors' dogs, she "bought" the Simonses' house. It was a cold, blocky house, not far from ours, and its owner had been trying to sell it for a long time. The thing had become a standing joke among the Frioleras, a club of young married couples to which the Simonses and my father and mother belonged. It was generally believed that Harry and Laura would never get the big, damp place off their hands. Then, late one dark afternoon, a strange and avid purchaser showed up. It was my mother, wearing dark glasses, her hair and eyebrows whitened with flour, her cheeks lightly shadowed with charcoal to make them look hollow, and her upper front teeth covered with the serrated edge of a soda cracker. On one side of her, as she pressed the doorbell of the Simonses' house, stood a giggling cousin of hers, named Belle Cook, and I was on her other side; we were there to prevent a prolonged scrutiny of the central figure of our trio. Belle was to pose as my mother's daughter, and I was to be Belle's son. Simons had never met Miss Cook, and my mother was confident that he wouldn't recognize me. His wife, Laura, would have penetrated her friend's disguise at once, or, failing that, she would surely have phoned the police, for the weird visitor seemed, because of her sharp, projecting teeth, both demented and about to spring, but my mother had found out that Laura would not be home. When she made herself up, an hour before, I had watched her transformation from mother to witch with a mixture of wonder and worry that lingered in my memory for years.

Harry Simons, opening his front door on that dark evening in the age of innocence, when trust flowered as readily as suspicion does today, was completely taken in by the sudden apparition of an eccentric elderly woman who babbled of her recently inherited fortune and said she had passed his house the day before and fallen in love with it. Simons was a big, jovial, sanguine man, expert at business deals in a lighted office but a setup for my mother's deviltry at dusk. When she praised every room she stumbled into and every object she bumped against—she wouldn't take off her dark glasses in the lamplit gloom—a wild hope must have glazed his eye, disarming his perception. He admitted later, when the cat was out of the bag, that Belle's idiotic laughter, and mine, at everything that was said had disturbed him, especially when it was provoked by my mother's tearful account of the sad death of her mythical husband, a millionaire oil man. But idiocy in a family is one thing, and money is another. Mrs.

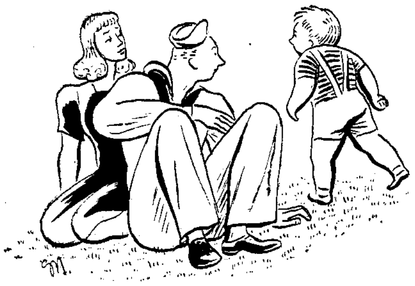
Prentice, or Douglas, or whatever she called herself, was rolling in money that day. She upped Simons' asking price for the house by several thousand dollars, on the ground that she wouldn't think of paying as little as ten thousand for such a lovely place. When she found out that the furniture was for sale, she upped the price on that, too, promising to send her check through her lawyers the next day. By this time, she was overacting with fine abandon, but the overwhelmed Simons was too far gone in her land of fantasy for reality to operate. On her way out of the house, she picked up small portable things—a vase, a travelling clock, a few books—remarking that, after all, they now belonged to her. Still Simons' wits did not rally, and all of a sudden the three of us were out in the street again—my mother who had been my grandmother, her cousin who had been my mother, and me. I feel that this twisted hour marked the occupation of my mind by a sense of confusion that has never left it.

My father was home from work when we got back, and he gasped at the sight of his wife, even though she had thrown away her cracker teeth. When these latest goings on were explained to him, he was all for taking his friend's possessions over to his unsold house and returning them, with nervous apologies. But my mother had another idea. That night she gift-wrapped, separately, the vase, the clock, and the books, and they were delivered to Simons' door the next morning, before he set out for his office, each "present" containing a card that read, "To Harry Simons from Mame Thurber with love." It was not my mother's most subdued performance, but it was certainly one of her outstanding triumphs. The Frioleras laughed about it for years. It is among my mother's major sorrows that of the fifty members of that merry club, founded in 1882, there are only three still alive. At one of their parties fifty years ago—they played pedro and euchre in the winter and went on picnics and bicycle trips in the summer—my father asked his wife, apropos of what prank I do not know, "How long do you expect to keep up this kind of thing, Mame?" She thought a moment and replied, "Why, until I'm eighty, I suppose."

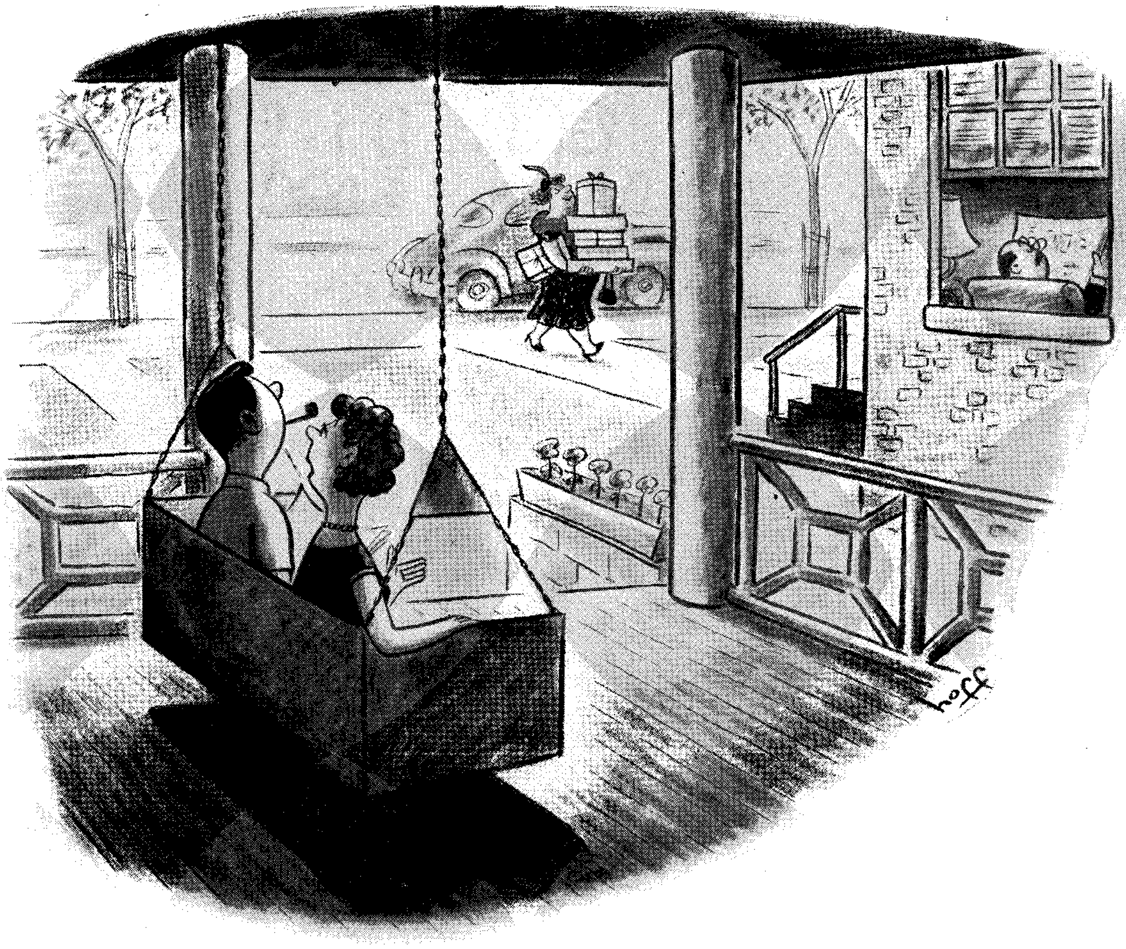
Mary Agnes Thurber, eldest of the six children of William and Katherine Fisher, was eighty years old in January, 1946, and I went to Columbus for a birthday party that brought together scores of her relatives. The day after the event, a columnist in one of the Columbus papers recklessly described her as "a bit of lavender and old lace." She was indignant. "Why, he doesn't even know about the time I threw those eggs!" she exclaimed. I didn't know about it, either, but I found out. At a meeting, a few months before, of one of the several women's clubs she belongs to, she had gone to the kitchen of her hostess's house, carefully removed a dozen eggs from a cardboard container, and returned to the living room to reactivate a party that she felt was growing dull. Balancing the box on the palm of her hand, like a halfback about to let go a forward pass, she cried, "I've always wanted to throw a dozen eggs, and now I'm going to do it!" The ladies gathered in the room squealed and scattered as the carton sailed into the air. Then it drifted harmlessly to the floor. Lavender and old lace, in their conventional and symbolic sense, are not for Mary Thurber. It would be hard for me to say what is. Now, at eighty-five, she never wears black. "Black is for old ladies," she told me scornfully not long ago.

In 1884, when Mamie Fisher got out of high school, she wanted to go on the stage, but her unladylike and godless urge was discouraged by her family. Aunt Melissa warned her that young actresses were in peril not only of hell-fire but of lewd Shakespearean actors, skilled in the arts of seduction, and she pointed out that there was too much talk about talent in the world, and not enough about virtue. She predicted that God's wrath would be visited, in His own time, upon all theatres, beginning, like as not, with those in Paris, France. Mamie Fisher listened with what appeared to be rapt and contrite attention. Actually, she was studying Aunt Melissa's voice, so that she could learn to imitate it.

Deprived of a larger audience, the frustrated comedienne performed for whoever would listen, and once distressed a couple of stately guests in her father's home by descending the front stairs in her dressing gown, her hair tumbling and her eyes staring, to announce that she had escaped from the attic, where she was kept because of her ardent and hapless love for Mr. Briscoe, the postman. An entry in her diary of that period, dated Monday, May 14, 1888, would have puzzled the shocked visitors: "Went over to Flora's to talk over yesterday's visit. I tell you that Ira D. is cute, but I do not like him very well—he is a perfect gentleman, only he will insist on kissing me every time and I will not allow it. I can truthfully say I never kissed a fellow in all my life but once, and that was Charlie Thurber at the depot a few years ago."



Those of her relatives who drew no sharp line between life and art, the gifted and the mad, and consoled themselves with the hope that marriage would settle her down, could not have been more mistaken. Even the birth of her third son, in 1896, had little effect on her merry inventions, and her aunts must have been relieved when we left Champion Avenue and moved to Washington, D.C., in 1901. They probably thought of Washington, in those years, as a city of inviolable decorum, but it was there that we met a young Cleveland newspaperman named George Marvin, whose gaiety was to enrich our lives. He was a superior wag, with a round, mobile face, a trick of protruding his large eyeballs that entranced the Thurber boys, and a gift of confusion that matched my mother's. Uncivil clerks and supercilious shoppe proprietors in the nation's capital came to regret their refusal to sell Marvin and my mother one dish of ice cream with two spoons, or a single glove for the left hand, or one shoe. The mild, soft-spoken Jekylls from the Middle West would be transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, to the consternation of the management. "Senator Beveridge will hear about this!" Marvin would shout, and they would stalk out of the shoppe, in high and magnificent dudgeon. But it was when we were all back in Columbus two years later that these comics reached their heights. Their finest hour arrived one day at Memorial Hall, during a lecture given by a woman mental healer whose ability and sincerity my mother held in low esteem. She has always been a serious and devoted student of psychotherapy, even when it was known and practiced under foolish and flowery names, and she learned long ago to detect tommyrot. Arriving after the lecture had begun, our cutups found an empty wheelchair in the lobby, and my mother, bundled up in it, was rolled down the aisle by her confederate. The lady on the platform had reached a peroration of whoosh, during which she



"*Oh dear, and I just got the baby to sleep.*"

chanted that if you had done it before, you could do it again, whatever it was, and other candy-coated inspiration to that effect. At the peak of this marshmallow mentation, my mother leaped from the chair, crying that she had walked before and could do it again. Some ten or twenty persons of the two hundred present must have recognized her, but the others were caught between cheers and consternation. The lecturer shouted, "Hallelujah, sister!" and at this point Marvin increased the confusion by bulging out his eyes, dropping his jaw, and mumbling that what he had done before he was now doing again; namely, losing his grip on reality. The crisis ended when a querulous man shouted, "Hey, that's *my* wheelchair!," and the culprits made good their escape.

The career of almost any actress is marked by open dates and, in the end, a long period of retirement. Who heard of the late Julia Marlowe in her last twenty years? But my mother's crowded calendar shows no season of repose, and the biographer is overwhelmed by instances and can only select a few more. There was the time she went back to Washington, in her sixties, wearing a red rose so the woman she was going to meet could identify her; they hadn't seen each other for thirty years. The train being early, or her hostess late, she pinned the rose on a sleeping dowager, twenty years her senior, who was sitting on a bench in the railway terminal, and watched at a distance the dismay of her friend when she finally arrived and the irritability of the sleeper awakened by a cry of "Why, Mame Thurber, how are you? You're looking just fine." And there was the occasion, not long ago, when she deflated a pompous gentleman, overproud of his forebears, who made the mistake of asking her how far back she had traced her own ancestry. "Until I came to a couple of horse thieves," she said with a troubled sigh. "Do you mean a father and son," the shocked man asked, "or was it a couple of brothers?" My mother sighed again. "It was much worse than that," she said. "A man and his wife. You see, it runs in both sides of the family." A hundred other hours and moments I leave to the record of another year.

WITH all this to take up her time, Mrs. Charles Thurber nevertheless managed to run her home like any other good housewife, hovering over the cook when we had one, following the cleaning woman around with pail and cloth of her own, and rearing three sons who were far from being mother's helpers. She was famous for her pastry and, after long study and practice, learned to make the best chocolate creams in the world. Two or three professional candy men tried to catch her secret, watching her at work like a child watching a magician, and with just about as little profit. She made her last twenty pounds of chocolates when she was eighty, and then turned to writing a cookbook of her own recipes, which she still works at, dropping it now and then to tinker with her play, whose plot and personae and provenance are another one of her secrets.

She still writes me, as she always has, fifty letters a year, and I found, going over them, that time hasn't dulled their sparkle. In one, dated December 26, 1949, she told, in fine full detail, the story of her 1933 search for Miss Bagley, which has become a family saga. Miss Annette Bagley, known to her intimates as Anna, wandered from her home in England more than sixty years ago to become a home-to-home sewing woman in Columbus. She and my mother became great friends, and then, one morning in the spring of 1895, Miss Bagley, at the age of thirty-four, took a train to Boston, where she planned to open a dressmaking shop. For several years my mother's fond letters were promptly answered, but about the turn of the century, two of them were returned by the Boston post office. Miss Bagley had dropped out of sight, leaving no forwarding address, and it wasn't until 1913 that she was heard from again. The floods of that year had inundated Columbus and she sent a worried telegram from Boston. My mother replied, by wire, that all her friends were safe, and Miss Bagley apparently re-

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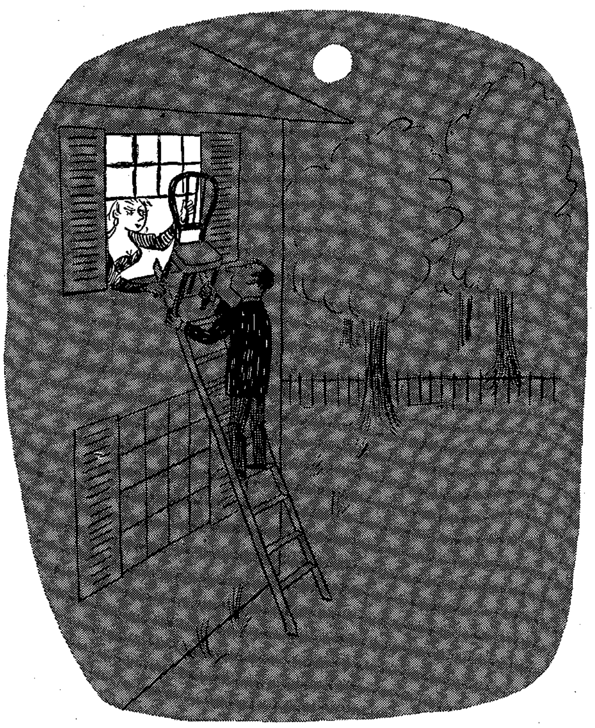

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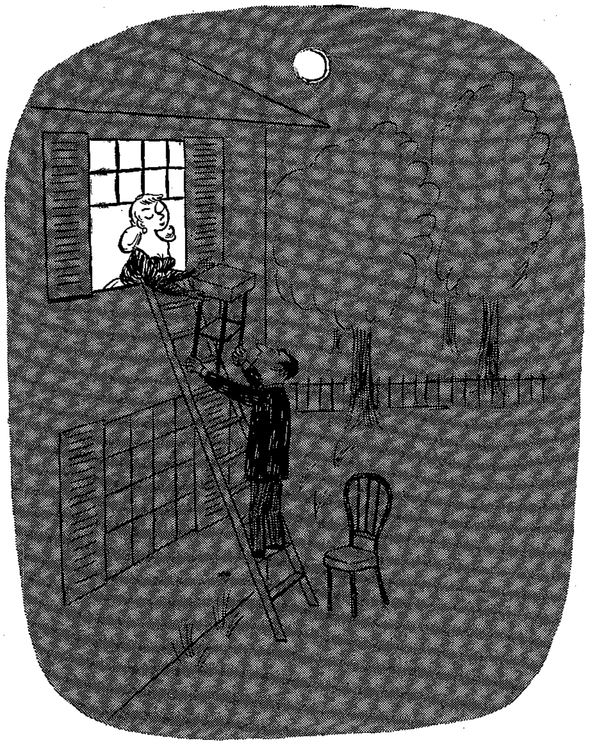

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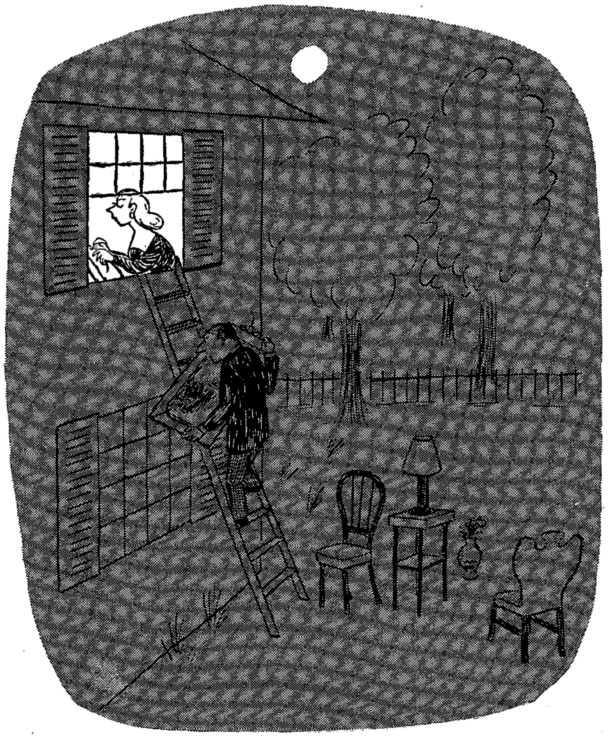

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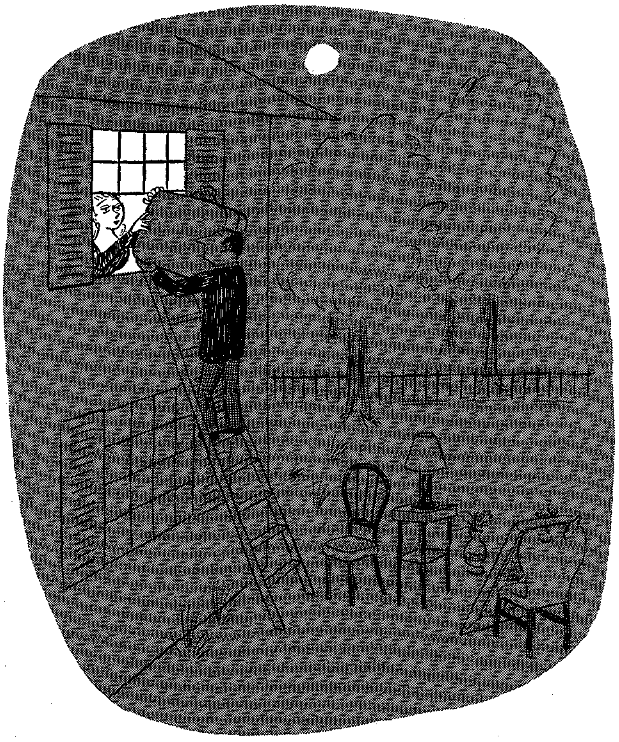

ceived this telegram at the Western Union office in which she had dispatched her own, but a letter my mother instantly sent to the old address was returned, like the others. Twenty silent years went by.

In 1933, Mary Thurber took up the quest again, writing to the postmasters of Boston and surrounding towns, and inventing a story about the settlement of an estate. "Money," she wrote me in the 1949 letter, "always increases people's interest." It greatly increased the interest of an Anna Bagley in Malden, Massachusetts, who turned out to be the wrong one, and with whom my mother exchanged a brief and cloudy correspondence. Then she came East to take up the search in person. She was sixty-seven and she knew that Miss Bagley, if she was alive, was seventy-two. In Boston my mother set out on the old, dim trail like a trained researcher, looking up outdated phone books and directories at the Chamber of Commerce. The most recent record of Annette Bagley she could find placed her friend in Malden in 1925, so she went to Malden. Miss Bagley was not at the address listed, and the woman who lived there had never heard of her. My mother did what any good reporter would have done; she looked up old residents of the neighborhood and called on the older druggists and grocers. She learned that Annette Bagley had left that Malden house about seven years before. Someone seemed to remember that the old lady had moved to Everett Street. This

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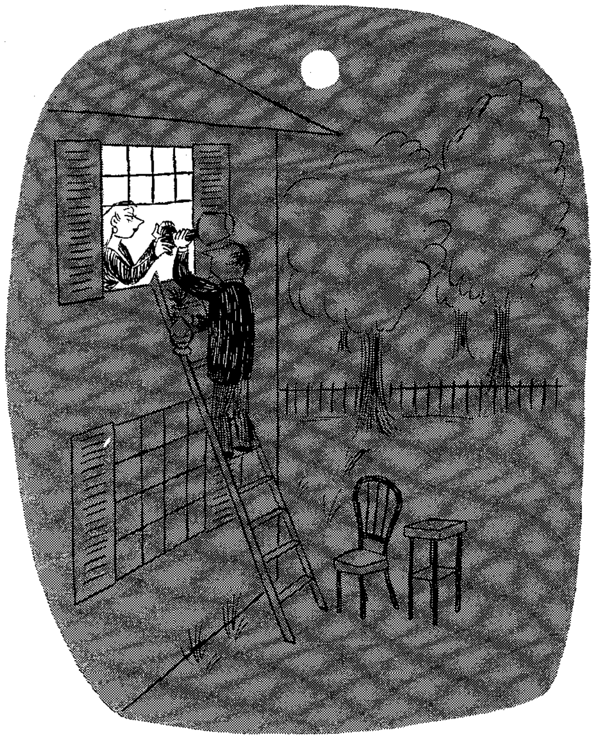

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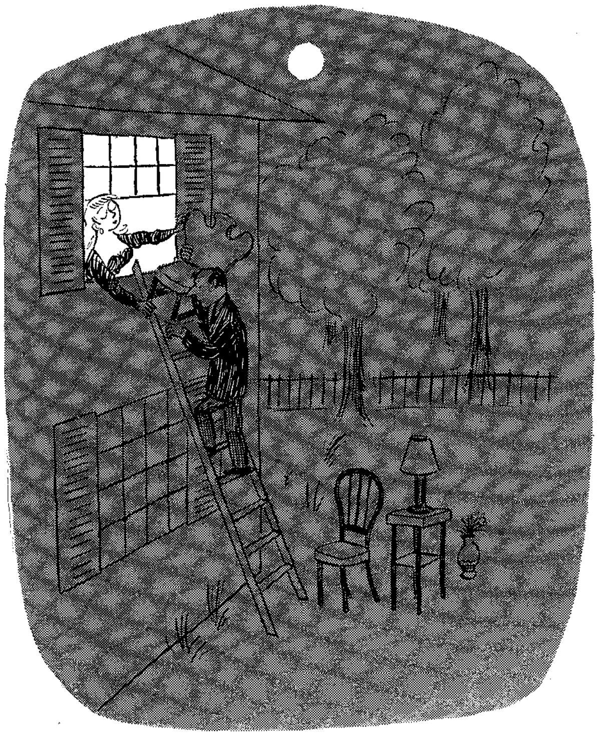

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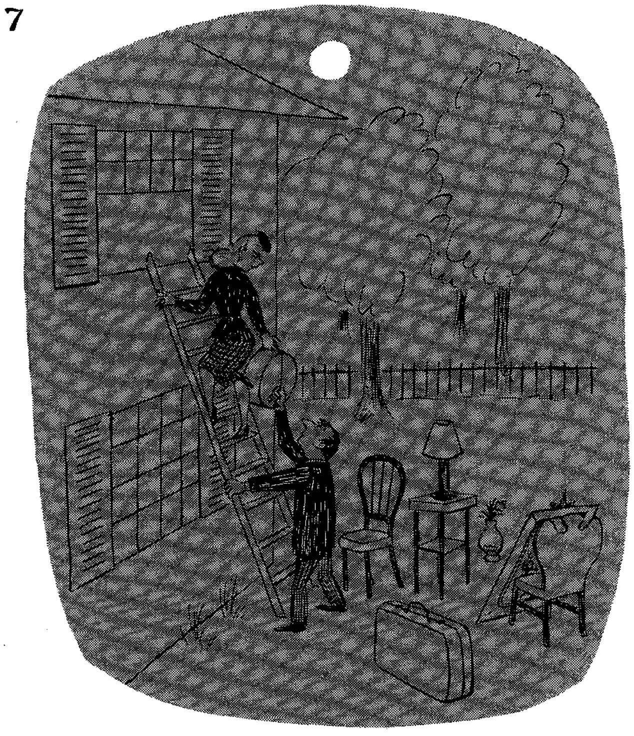

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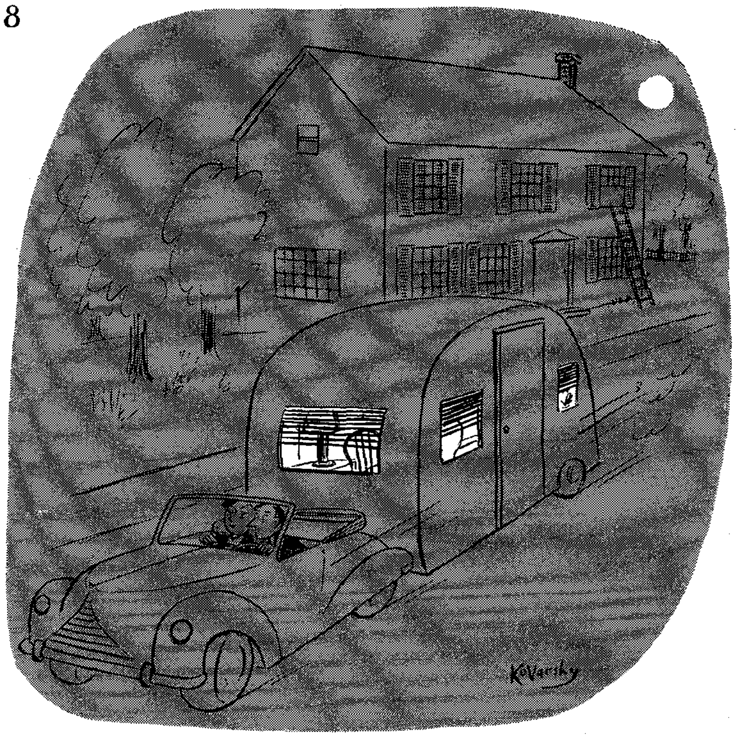
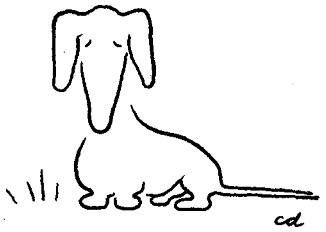


street turned out to be only a block long, and my mother rang all its doorbells without success. Nobody knew anything about Miss Bagley. Then a druggist suggested that her quarry might have moved not to Everett Street but to the town of Everett, which is only a few miles from Malden. My mother transferred her pattern of search to Everett, and it was in that Boston suburb that the trail became warm. She found Annette Bagley listed in a three-year-old directory, but the elusive dressmaker was no longer at the address given. Neighbors, however, thought she had not gone far away, so her tracer continued her questioning of druggists and grocers and elderly people she stopped on the street. At twilight of the second day of her search, she came upon a small dressmaking shop on a side street. "I looked through the window," my mother wrote, "and there she was, sitting and sewing with her back to me." Thirty-eight years had made a great difference in the two friends, and it wasn't until my mother asked the old lady if she had ever lived in Columbus, Ohio, that Annette Bagley recognized her.

The reason for her years of hiding was simple enough. She did not want her Columbus friends to know that her dream of a big and flourishing dressmaking establishment of her own had failed to come true. "I took her to dinner in Boston," my mother wrote, "and then to a movie. It was hard for her to believe that my oldest son, William, was forty, for when she had seen him last he was only two. I'm not sure about the movie, but I think it was 'It Happened One Night,' or 'One Sunday Afternoon,' or something like that." It isn't often that my memory outdoes my mother's, but I have always remembered the name of that movie since she first told me the story of her celebrated search for Annette Bagley eighteen years ago. It was called "I Loved You Wednesday."

Miss Bagley was ninety last year, and my mother still writes to her, and the letters no longer come back. The little sewing shop on the side street was closed years ago, of course, and the dream forgotten, but my mother is sure that, big establishment or no big establishment, Annette Bagley was the finest dressmaker Boston and its suburbs ever had.



IN New York, which my mother visits often, she likes to escape from her sons and see the sights of the city on her own. One morning some twenty years ago, she reached the second floor of the famous Wendel house, on Fifth Avenue, but her tour of inspection was interrupted. "I was just going by and I thought I would drop in," she told me. On that visit she made a tour of Greenwich Village by herself, but asked me to take her to what she called "the Tony's" and "the 21," whose fame she had somehow heard about. At "the Tony's" she was fortunate enough to meet one of her idols, the late Heywood Broun, and she enchanted him by casting an offhand horoscope for him that turned out to be a recognizable portrait, done in the bold colors of both virtue and shortcoming. She has always had a lot of fun monkeying around with the inexact sciences—she corresponded with Evangeline Adams, and once had Professor Coué out to dinner at our house in Columbus—and I am sure that she has already dipped into Dianetics. She embarrassed my father one time, in an impish numerology phase, by making him return a set of ominously numbered automobile license plates and exchange it for a safer one. Eleven years ago this month, when she entered Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center for a major operation that she took in her stride, she demanded to know the date of birth of her distinguished surgeon before she would let him operate. He solemnly gave it to her, and was pleased to learn that he had been engaged for thirty years in a profession for which his signs clearly fitted him. Later, he was astonished by her familiarity with medicine and surgery, and told her one day that she had the sound implementation of a nurse. "Of course," my mother said. "I'm Capricorn with the moon in Sagittarius."

The day she was discharged from the hospital, she decided to visit the World's Fair, and she did, in spite of heat and humidity. In a bus on the way back, she found that she had exceeded her strength, and she asked the bus driver to take her pulse. He took it with one hand, continuing to drive with the other, and reported that it was a little high but nothing to worry about. I have no doubt that she found out his birthday and still remembers it, for she rarely forgets a name or a date. She once sent me a clipping of an Earl Wilson column in which he had given Dorothy Parker's birthday as August 23rd. "Dorothy Parker's birthday is August 22nd," my mother wrote. "August 23rd is Helen Gude's birthday." A few days ago I phoned her in Columbus and asked her if she remembered her surgeon's birthday. "Why, certainly," she said. "He was born on the thirtieth of March. My Columbus surgeon is also Aries—April 1st."

In the recollections of a woman in her eighties whose mind and memory are as sharp as they ever were, the years are sometimes greatly foreshortened. When she came to New York in 1947, I found that she had made a date for tea at the Algonquin with an old friend of my father's, Charles Dewey Hilles. She said that she herself hadn't seen him for "a long time." Mr. Hilles, a celebrated Ohio Republican, died two years ago, and his long obituaries told of his having been, among many other things, an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Taft, Chairman of the Republican National Committee from 1912 to 1916, and a member of dozens of boards of directors. I had the good luck to be asked to the Ohio tea party, along with one John Aloysius McNulty, for many years a reporter on Columbus newspapers. We had a jolly time, and various ancient facts and forgotten dates were brought up. It came out that my mother was a year older than Mr. Hilles. "When was it," I finally asked, "that you two last met?" My mother thought about this and said, "Well, Mr. Hilles was secretary to the superintendent of the Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster, Ohio. Let me see—yes, it must have been in 1888." My mother was twenty-two in 1888, and Mr. Hilles, of course, was only twenty-one. Now, no elderly man of high and varied achievements likes to be reminded of his juvenile beginnings, and it was obvious to us all that my mother's grasp of her friend's later career was tenuous. McNulty saved the situation. "Eighteen-eighty-eight," he said, "was the year the owls were so bad."

WHEN I was in Columbus a year ago, my mother said, "Would it be possible for you to take me to lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria the next time I'm in New York?" From the tentative way she put it, I could see why she had never asked me before to take her to lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria. She was afraid that I couldn't swing it, and she hadn't wanted to embarrass me. I had taken her to every place I could think of, from the old Lafayette to Tony's and "21," but the Waldorf had never crossed my mind. I have made a conspicuous note about it on a memorandum pad, and the next time she comes to New York, I will take her to lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria, in a Hispano-Suiza if she wants it that way. It is little enough to do for Mary Agnes Fisher Thurber.—JAMES THURBER

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SAMUEL PEPYS SLEPT HERE

Mr. Pepys slept where I sleep
Tonight in Salisbury at the inn,
And kept the same account I keep
(Now in the room that Pepys slept in),

And so the matter is twice-said:
That up two flights and through this door
Pepys came to sleep in a silken bed
(A hundred thousand nights before).

Here, in the flesh, he found repose
(The bed is hospitable and large),
Wearied at last, his diary shows,
By fretting at an overcharge,

And dreamed, perhaps—but not of me,
In some dark century ahead,
One who would love his company
And share so decorously his bed;

Nothing of this, the night before,
Concerned him. . . . He departed then
Next day for Bristol, by this door.
It seems he did not come again.

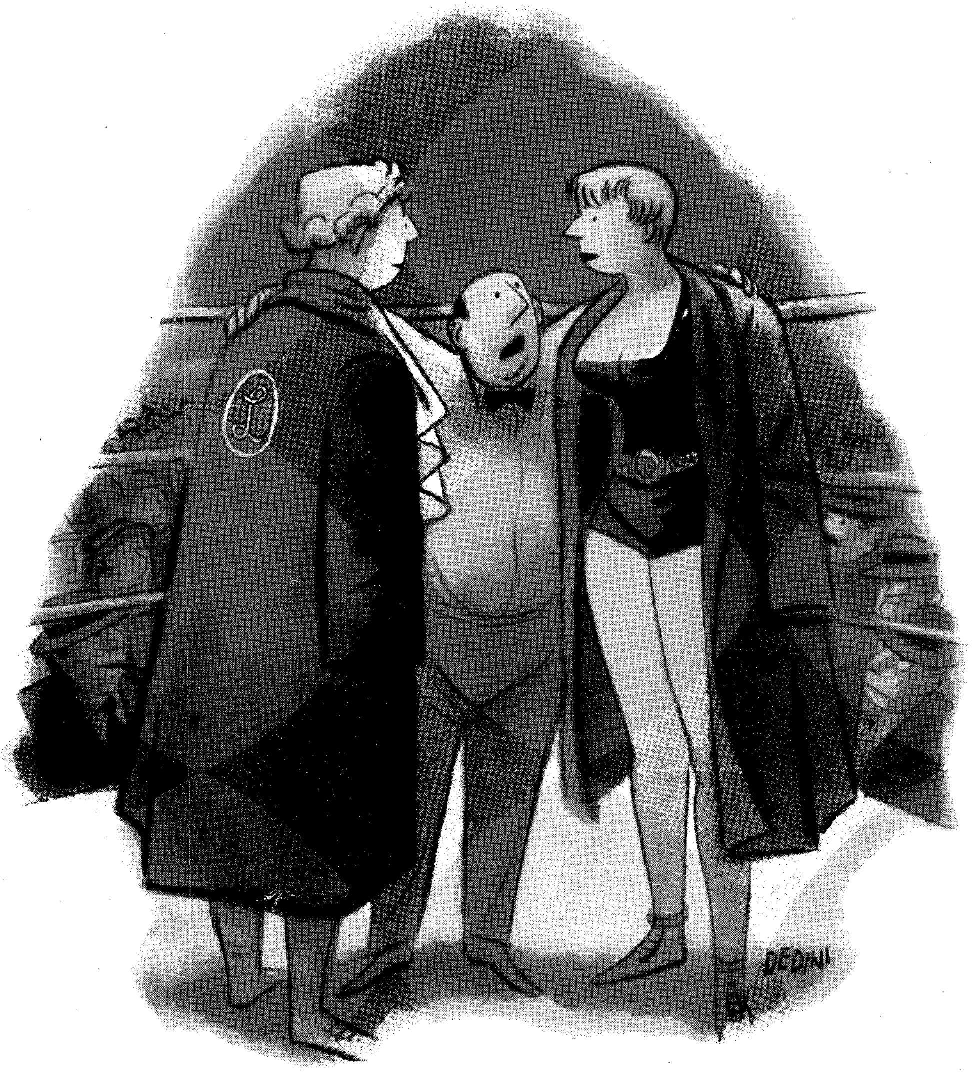
—HELEN BEVINGTON

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY

I SPENT a couple of hours the other afternoon in the biochemical research laboratories of Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc., one of the oldest and most considerable manufacturing pharmaceutical houses in the United States. There are Pfizer factories in Groton, Connecticut, and in Terre Haute, Indiana, but the company's principal establishment, an aseptic mesa of thirty-odd buildings that includes its entire research plant, is in Brooklyn, in the Williamsburg section. The business was founded there, in a pink brick building that is still thriftily in use, by two immigrant Württembergers—Charles Pfizer, a chemist, and Charles F. Erhart, a confectioner—in 1849. Their first product was a wormwood derivative called santonin, an essential ingredient at that time of medicines designed to eradicate intestinal worms. From that fragile beginning, the firm gradually expanded its facilities to embrace the manufacture of a robust line of basic drugs and chemical compounds (bismuths, mercurials, iodines, tartars, and the like) and the production, by a fermentation process in which it pioneered, of citric acid. Until about ten years ago, such drugs and chemicals, together with a select alphabet of vitamins, constituted the bulk of the company's output. Although their production is still both large and lucrative, they now account for just half of the firm's total earnings. The other half is derived from the manufacture of antibiotics. An antibiotic is a chemical substance generated by a microorganism, probably in the course of the metabolic process, that has the capacity to inhibit or destroy certain other microorganisms. Organisms that elaborate protective venoms of this sort abound in the turbulent microcosms of the soil. Every ounce of earth contains millions of them. Few, however, generate bactericidal material that is useful in controlling any of the numerous infectious diseases that hound the human race. Most microbial products are toxic, many are intractably volatile, and some are merely innocuous. Of around a hundred and forty more or less adequate antibiotic substances now known to science, only five are widely serviceable. They are penicillin, streptomycin, chloromycetin, aureomycin, and terramycin. Pfizer is one of the largest of all producers of penicillin and streptomycin, and it is the discoverer and sole producer of terramycin. It is, in fact, the largest producer of antibiotics in the world.

The major source of antibiotics is the venerable family of parasitic and saprophytic plants known as fungi. Its members include smuts, rusts, molds, yeasts, mildews, and mushrooms. Nearly all fungi evolve bactericidal material of one sort or another, but that exuded by the various molds appears to lend itself most efficiently to therapeutic use. The curative properties of fungi have been sensed, at least dimly, for centuries. They are conspicuous in the folk pharmacopoeias of practically all races. The American Indian was aware of the efficacy of some varieties of mold, particularly those attracted to wood, as a wound dressing. Fungus therapy, like man, probably originated in the Orient. At least three thousand years ago, Chinese physicians were conscious that moldy curd of soybean had an ameliorating action on boils, carbuncles, and infected lacerations. In India, almost as early, a mushroom of the puffball species was recognized, not altogether mistakenly, as helpful in the treatment of dysentery. The ancient Egyptians were also familiar with the healing qualities of many fungi. The so-called Papyrus Ebers, an encyclopedia of ailments and alleviations that was compiled around 1500 B.C. and is the oldest medical work of consequence in existence, lists dozens of concoctions whose chief ingredient is mold or yeast. Some, such as an elixir of wood mold and brewer's yeast that is recommended for the correction of uterine dis-



"You know the rules—no hitting with the closed fist, no biting, no eye-gouging. And I want you to remember at all times that you are being televised and are expected to set an example of clean sportsmanship to young American womanhood. . . ."

$5000.
$5000.
$10,000.
$1000.
Wm. Steig

DREAMS OF GLORY

The Brain

• •

placement, are, at best, harmless, but most, particularly a wheat-mold salve designed to cure eczema, reflect remarkable empirical knowledge. Hippocrates thought well of fungi, especially yeast, which he advocated as a remedy for certain gynecological disorders. Another Greek physician, Dioscorides, who practiced in the first century, was satisfied that agaric, an edible and distinctly germicidal mushroom, possessed all the important characteristics of a panacea. The Grecian medicine chest was among the first of the Roman Empire's cultural acquisitions, and Pliny the Elder, in his "Historia Naturalis," devoted a chapter to mushroom druggery. "Perilous as they [mushrooms] be," he noted, "yet some goodness is in them. . . . They are employed as a remedy for the fluxes known as 'rheumatismi,' and for excrescences in the flesh of the buttocks, which they diminish and gradually consume. They also remove pimples and freckles on women's faces. Also, a wash is made from them, as is done with lead, to serve as medicaments for the eyes. Steeped in water, they are applied topically to foul ulcers, eruptions of the head, and bites inflicted by dogs."

As an empirical science, fungus therapy reached its apogee in Pliny's time. The frequently shrewd practical understanding of the peculiar powers of mushrooms and yeast and mold that the Greeks and early Romans managed to achieve was, until the past ten or fifteen years, never equalled. It was never even approached. Along with literacy, plumbing, and the monetary system, practically all comprehension of the clinical usefulness of fungi vanished from the Western world during the interminable collapse of Rome. Medieval physicians, though vivacious druggists, preferred less rustic remedies. With a myopic admiration for such restoratives as potable gold, eunuch's fat, and crocodile dung, they set an example that was followed by all save the most eccentric members of the profession throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Even the gradual evolution, toward the end of the eighteenth century, of a pragmatic pharmacy did nothing to relieve the obscurity surrounding fungi. It was not until the third decade of the twentieth that any sustained medical interest in fungi was rekindled.

Although the prolonged eclipse of the fungus group is generally attributed to the difficulty with which scientific medicine was extricated from the credulities of the Middle Ages, its persistence beyond the nineteenth century was only in small part a result of medical floundering. It was chiefly a result of medical progress. The revelations concerning the nature of infection which resounded through the last half of the nineteenth century, notably in the work of Virchow, Pasteur, and Koch, encouraged several generations of investigators to emphasize the prevention of disease rather than its cure. The development of an arsenical specific for syphilis by Paul Ehrlich, in 1909, rejuvenated pharmacological research. It also set its course, not in the direction of fungi but, instead, toward the field of synthetic organic chemical compounds. There it might have remained had not chance, in the form of a laboratory accident, reacquainted the human race with the bactericidal vigor of fungi.

This providential mishap occurred one autumn morning in 1928 in the laboratory of Alexander Fleming, then director of systematic bacteriology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, in London. Fleming was engaged at the time in cultivating, for experimental purposes, a select assortment of pathogenic organisms, and it was his custom to begin each day with a parental glance at his charges. As he moved down the table on which the colonies were arranged, in the little coasterlike glass plates known as Petri dishes, one of them, a culture of *Staphylococcus aureus*, caught his eye. In the center of it, sprung overnight from an airborne spore, sat a tiny thicket of a commonplace green mold called *Penicillium notatum*. "It was astonishing," Fleming has recalled, "that for some considerable distance around the mold growth the *staphylococcal* colonies were undergoing lysis [disintegration]. What had formerly been a well-grown colony was now a faint shadow of its former self. . . . I was sufficiently interested to pursue the subject. The appearance of the culture plate was such that I thought it should not be neglected . . . [but] I had not the slightest suspicion that I was at the beginning of something extraordinary."

Fleming was not, as it happens, the real discoverer of the antibiotic substance that he was subsequently to call penicillin. He was merely the first to pursue the subject. The Leif Ericson of bacteriotherapy was a nineteenth-century English physicist named John Tyndall. Tyndall caught a glimpse of the inhibitory abilities of mold, by way of a similar fortuity, in 1876. He was not unimpressed by the encounter, but he failed to comprehend its full significance. He laid the death of the bacteria to asphyxiation. During the next forty or fifty years, the phenomenon of microbial antagonism was observed, with varying degrees of perspicacity, by at least a dozen other scientists, including Pasteur, but none of them made much of it. Unlike Fleming, they were not sufficiently interested, or inspired.

Fleming's experience, which he presently and modestly recounted in the pages of the *British Journal of Experimental Pathology*, did not create an immediate stir. Progress again interfered. His discovery was overshadowed almost at once by the galvanic introduction of the first of the numerous sulfonamides. Nearly a decade passed before a band of British investigators, headed by Howard W. Florey, professor of pathology at Oxford University, were persuaded, largely by a closer reading of Fleming's contribution to the *Journal*, to buckle down to what turned out to be the first successful attempt to extract the antibiotic substance of *Penicillium notatum*, and three more years went by before they accumulated a large enough quantity of the drug for a definitive clinical trial. That monumental, if somewhat belated, triumph took place, again in London, in February, 1941.

The excellence of penicillin, like that of Ehrlich's magic arsenical bullet thirty years before, excited more than admiration. It also excited in a sizable body of American scientists an urgent desire to assay the germicidal potentialities of other molds. Their efforts were speedily rewarded. Streptomycin, which came to light in a spadeful of New Jersey soil, was introduced by Selman A. Waksman, professor of microbiology at Rutgers University and originator of the term "antibiotic," in 1944. Three years later, a group of Parke, Davis & Co. operatives discovered chloromycetin. Almost simultaneously, B. M. Duggar, an investigator in the employ of the Lederle Laboratories, came upon aureomycin. Terramycin, the Pfizer find, turned up in the summer of 1949. Although these five are, at the moment, the only antibiotics adaptable to ordinary clinical use, they constitute a far from meagre arsenal. Around forty per cent of all complaints that require the attention of a physician can be controlled by one or another of them. They are effective against every known rickettsial affliction—typhus, tsutsugamushi disease, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and the like. They are effective against most infections of bacterial origin, including such monoliths of misery as lobar pneumonia, meningitis, gonorrhea, typhoid, undulant fever, plague, cholera, and, in the case of one—streptomycin—certain forms of tuberculosis. In addition, they are effective against two of the more unpleasant spirochetal infections, syphilis and yaws, and some viral disorders. About the only major infectious diseases of formidable stature that still resist antibiotic therapy are malaria, diphtheria, tetanus, botulism, smallpox, and poliomyelitis. There is no compelling reason to believe that even these will continue to do so for long. In fact, as I gathered during my tour of the Pfizer laboratories, it is not impossible that the present broad and energetic search for new antibiotics will lead within the next few years to the discovery of microbial antagonists capable of hobbling all infectious disease.

OVER BRIGHT SUMMER SEAS

Quick! Hoist the jib and cast us off, my son.
The racing fleet maneuvers for the gun,
And we shall stand offshore to give them leeway—
Eventually they'll crowd us from the seaway.
The handsomest and yet profanest sport
Summons bright argosies from every port,
A dazzling zodiac of racing types,
Stars, Comets, Lightnings, Meteors—and Snipes,
White on the sunlit blue, and whiter still
Against the shoreline of a shadowed hill,
Mechanical, precise, well disciplined,
Yet, like ourselves, dependent on the wind.

Lord of the wind-torn or the windless sail,
To whom Odysseus prayed without avail,
Mad Aeolus! But how much madder grown
Since weather bureaus claimed you as their own.
The squalls they are too haughty to announce
Swirl east with unpremeditated pounce
And rip the spinnaker's ballooning bubble,
Splinter the heaven-reaching spars to stubble,
Only to add an overdose of balm
And leave all drifting on an oily calm.
Meanwhile, our able sloop pursues her way,
Swift without haste, and calm without delay.

Pleased with four knots, incredulous of five,
The cruising sailor does at least arrive,
And somewhere else than where he started from,
Breathes deep quiescence of the night to come,
Then hears but echoes underneath the stars
Of disputations in the yacht-club bars,
The race re-raced with expletives of wrath
Like flotsam of the tempest's aftermath.
At last no light is showing but his own,
On shore one voice dies out in monotone,
And, free from disappointment or success,
He slips the mooring of his consciousness.

—ROBERT HILLYER

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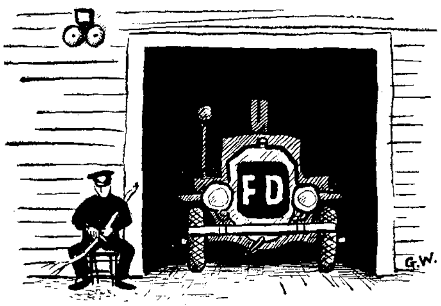

THE president of Chas. Pfizer & Co. is a chemical engineer named John E. McKeen. Mr. McKeen, a native of Brooklyn and a graduate of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, is forty-seven years old but looks about twenty, and he is short and sleek and restless. When I was shown into his office on the afternoon of my visit, he was prowling back and forth before a long row of windows, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and a roll of blueprints under one arm. At the sound of my entrance, he halted and swung around. "Ah," he remarked, and, tossing the blueprints onto a table, moved rapidly across the room to greet me. It was a large and pleasant office, panelled in pine, hung with portraits and aerial views of Pfizer plants, and faintly scented with disinfectant. One of the portraits was a photograph of Alexander Fleming, inscribed "To John McKeen, with Kindest Regards." Mr. McKeen gave my hand a businesslike pump. "You're early," he said. "Good. There's plenty to see. The biochemical laboratory is a fascinating place. I'd hoped to be able to show you around myself, but I can't. Unfortunately, I'm tied up. Don't worry, though. It's all arranged. One of the other officers is going to take over. He'll be along in a minute. Meanwhile, let me introduce you to our founders." He waved a hand toward the wall. "Meet Mr. Charles Pfizer and his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles F. Erhart. Two great men. Mr. Pfizer is the gentleman with the muttonchop whiskers. He was the first head of this company. I'm the seventh. The second was that fine-looking old gentleman you see there on the other side of the door. John Anderson was his name, and he started out as Mr. Pfizer's office boy. He and I both came up from the ranks. I got my start as a control chemist. One among many. I don't believe anybody had more to do with the development of Pfizer & Co. as a grand old quality house than Mr. Anderson. Pfizer quality." He gazed at me. "The words are synonymous."

There was a sound of voices in the outer office. Mr. McKeen cocked an attentive ear. Then the door opened and a stout, pink-cheeked man of about fifty rolled majestically in. He had on a brown suit and a brown necktie, and he was smoking a slim brown cigar. "Gentlemen!" he said cheerfully.

"Hello, Jasper," said Mr. McKeen. He turned to me. "This is the gentleman I was telling you about. Shake hands with Jasper Kane. Jasper is our director of biochemical research. Needless to say, he was a prominent member of the team that gave terramycin to the world."

Mr. Kane extended a rosy hand. "So was John," he said.

"After a fashion," Mr. McKeen admitted. "Off and on. Terramycin was quite a project. It cost us four long years and almost that many million dollars. Not that I begrudge a nickel of it. Or an hour. We were very lucky. We might have ended up exactly nowhere. That's research."

"You just cross your fingers and keep going," said Mr. Kane through a thunderhead of smoke. "Sometimes it pays off."

"In more ways than one," Mr. McKeen said. "One thing leads to another. I'll give you an example. Research has made this company one of the principal producers of citric acid. Our chemists have been largely responsible for all the major developments in that field. Well, that same research is what put Pfizer out in front in antibiotics. Commercial citric acid is a fermentation product. So are antibiotics. That let us in on the ground floor. When antibiotics appeared on the horizon, we didn't have to scramble around and start from scratch, the way most of the other houses did. We already had the basic know-how."

Mr. McKeen sat down on the arm of a green leather chair. "We got interested in antibiotics in 1941," he said with satisfaction. "In penicillin, I should say. That's all there was then. In a way, it was an accident. One of our fermentation chemists happened to come across an article on the subject in one of the British journals—the *Chemical Trade Journal & Chemical Engineer*, I think it was. Penicillin was still in the experimental stage productionwise. The method that Florey and Heatley and Chain and the rest of the Oxford school had worked out was not very promising from a practical standpoint. It was simply a laboratory technique. They hadn't had time to carry it any further. To give you an idea, their rate of recovery was approximately one part penicillin per one million parts of fermentation liquor. That isn't very stupendous. In fact, it's scarcely more than the concentration of gold in ordinary sea water. But they had shown that penicillin could be produced, and that was enough for us. With our knowledge of fermentation, it looked like our big opportunity. We set up an experimental production unit—what we call a pilot plant—over in the lab, and went to work. Then Washington stepped in. I needn't remind you that penicillin was a war product. There's no telling how long it might have taken to crack the mass-production problem if it hadn't been for the war. Five or ten years, at least. But the war provided the necessary impetus. We had to have penicillin and we had to have plenty of it and we had to have it fast. Washington put the best scientific brains in this country and England to work on it. They brought Florey over, and Heatley, and, eventually, even Fleming. At the same time, they rounded up the pharmaceutical industry. The first penicillin conference was held on October 8, 1941, in

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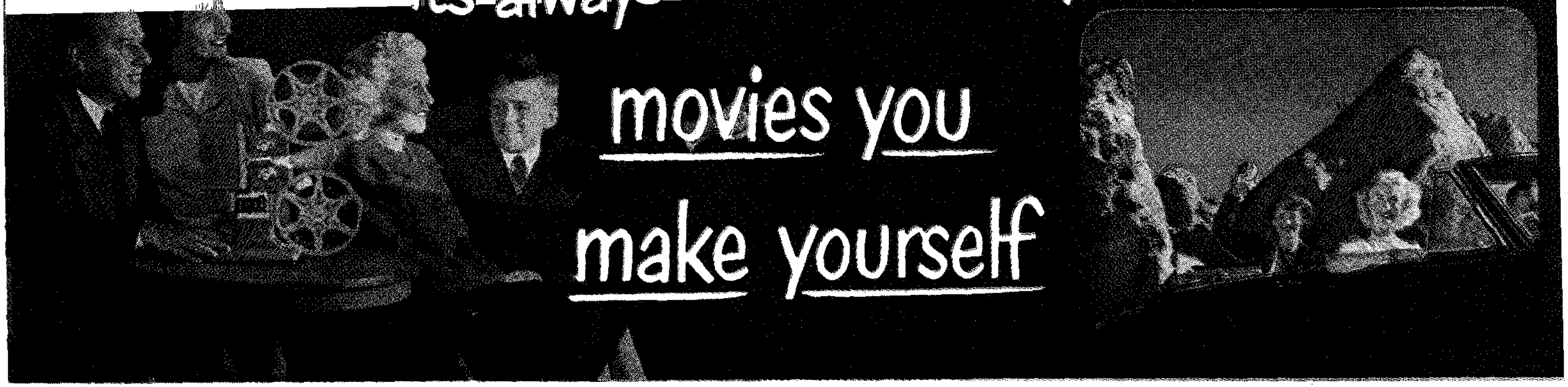

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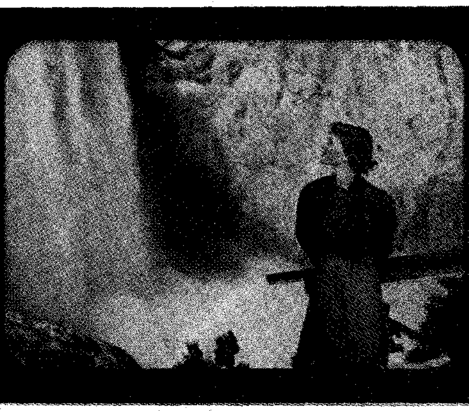

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Brownie Movie Camera, 8mm. (left) $44.50. Built-in exposure guide; fine, fast *f*/2.7 lens.

Cine-Kodak Royal Magazine Camera, 16mm. (right) $181. Magazine loading; *f*/1.9 lens; single-frame and slow-motion movies, too; other luxury features. Accepts telephoto lenses.

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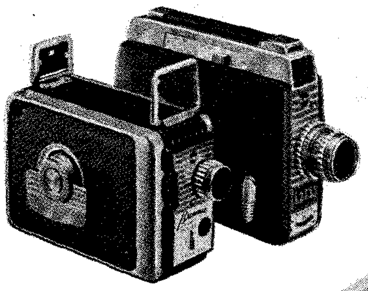

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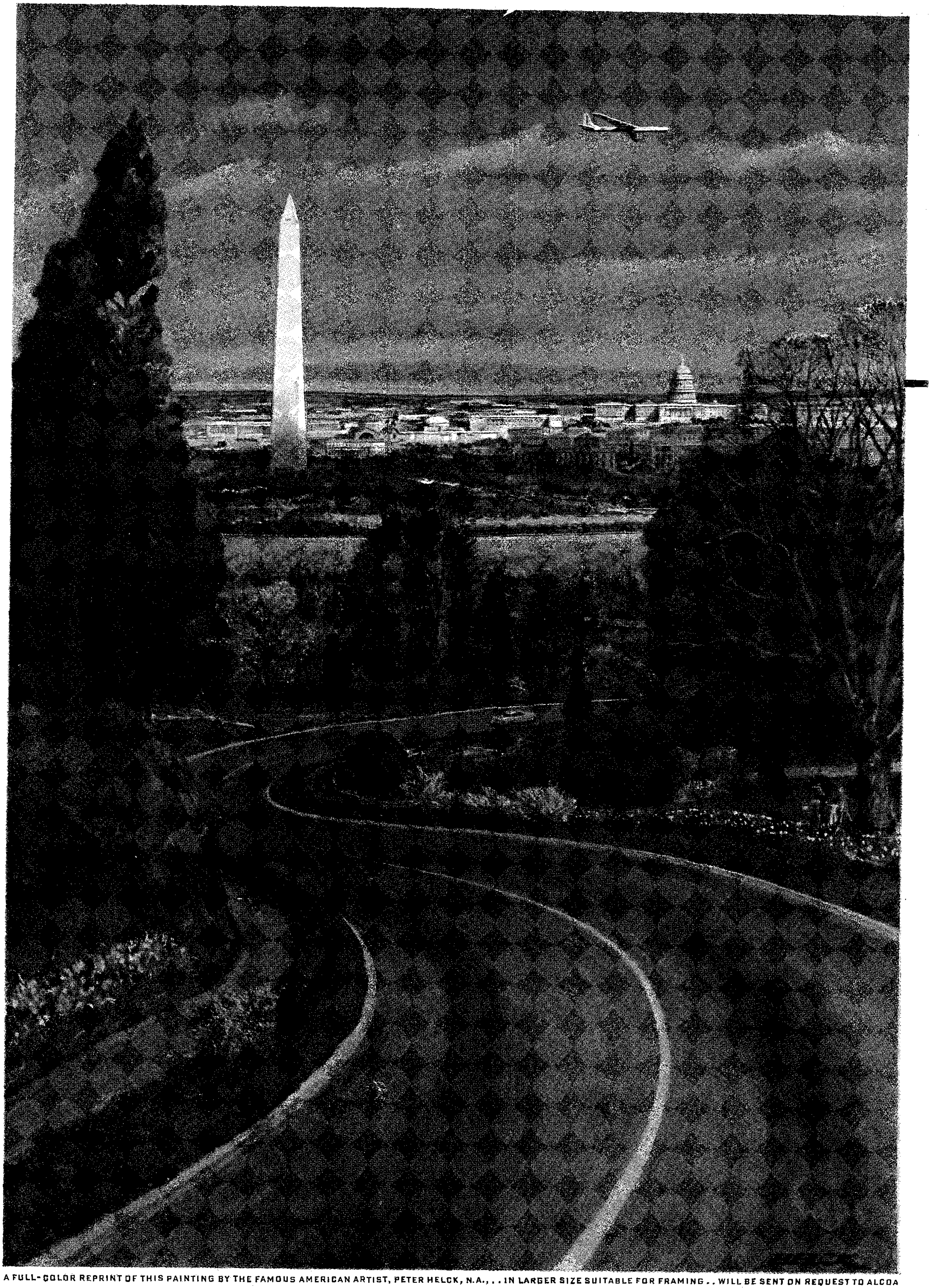

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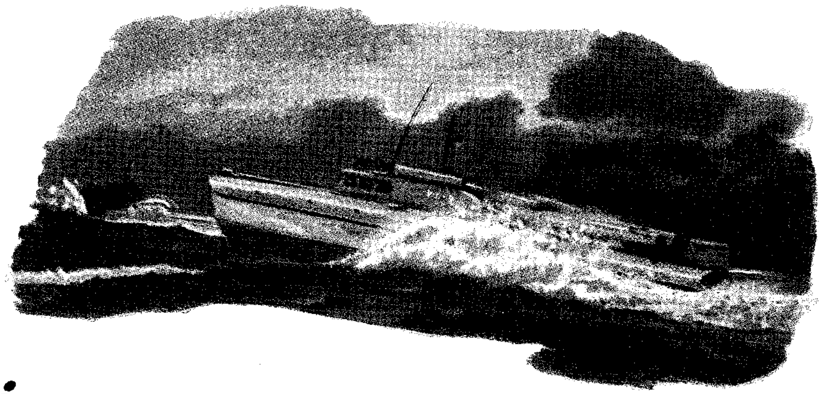

Again..the most important city along the road we live on

This road we live on is called Co-operation. It is sixty-three years long, and grows wider every time Alcoa people go more than halfway, to help someone.

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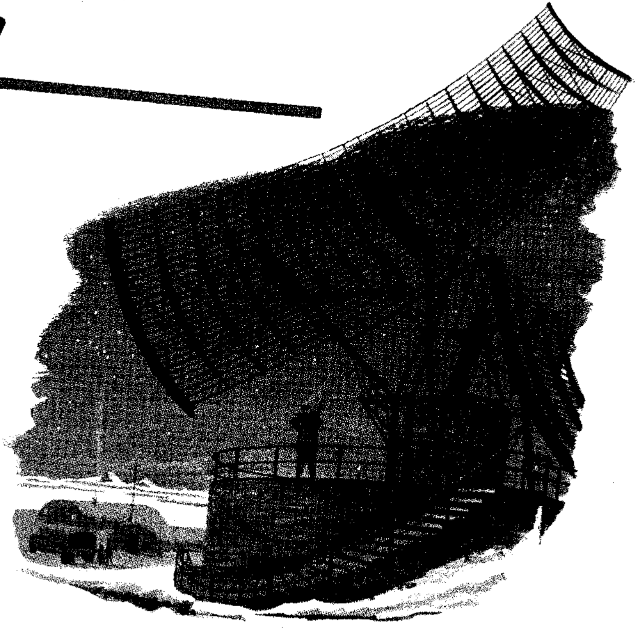

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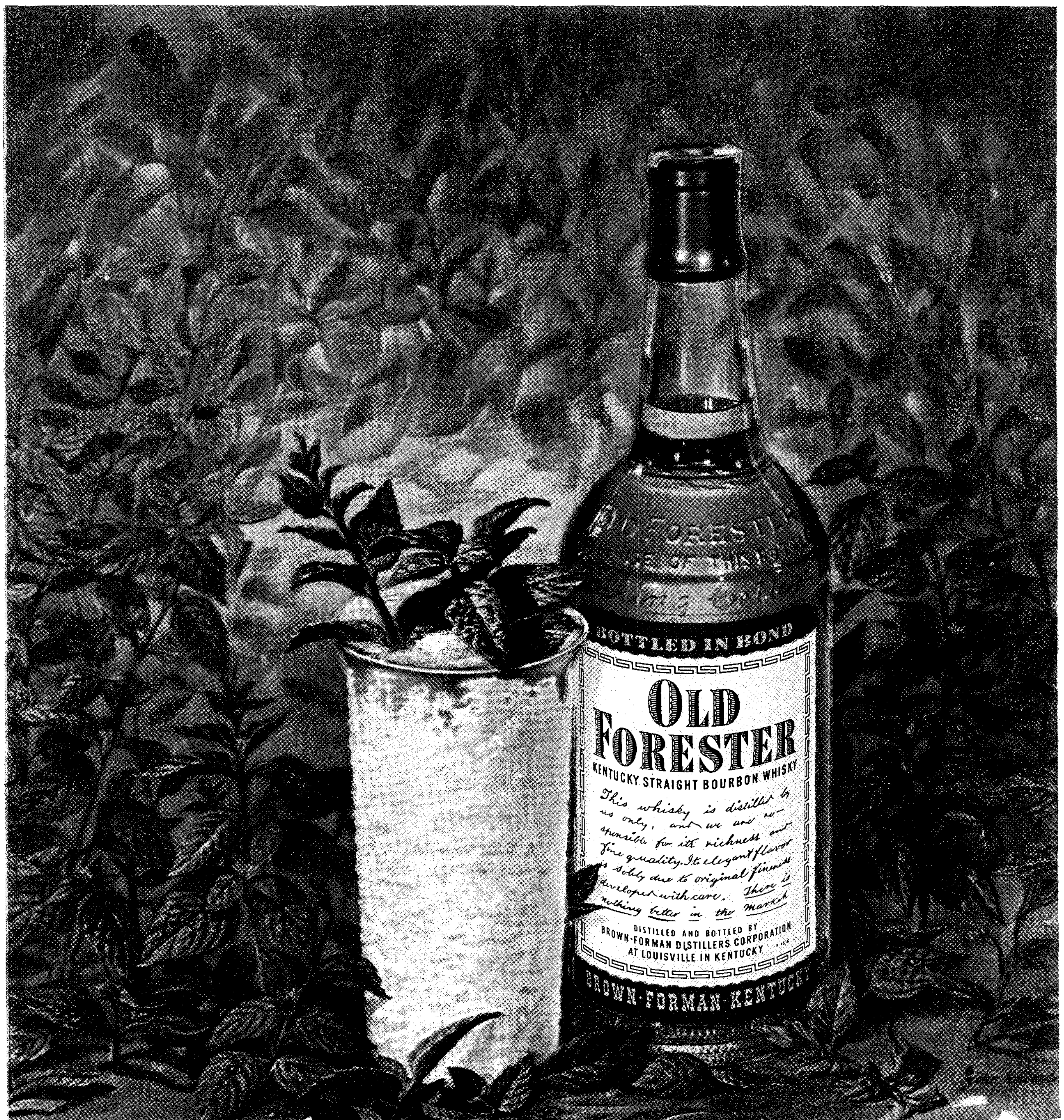
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Washington. Three of us—Merck, Squibb, and Pfizer—came away from that meeting pledged to devote all our resources to the problem. In time, of course, the entire industry was enlisted, but we were in from the very beginning. Not only that. I'm proud to say that Pfizer was delivering penicillin to the government as early as the spring of 1942. However, it wasn't until 1944 that any of us really began to get results. That's when the basic production problem was finally licked. I say problem—actually, it was a dozen problems, but I'm not going to strangle you with technical detail. I'll leave that to Jasper." He smiled. "What it boiled down to was this—the development of a submerged fermentation process. Up to then, we had all been growing our mold on the surface of the liquor. That was Florey's method, and it largely explains why his recovery rate was so low. Surface fermentation utilizes only a fraction of the culture medium. Nothing could be more impractical. But there didn't seem to be any other way to grow the stuff. Mold requires oxygen. American ingenuity found the answer to the riddle. Submerged fermentation is possible because Pfizer engineers evolved a technique for aerating a liquid mass."

Mr. McKeen was silent for a moment. He plucked a bit of lint from his sleeve. Then he cleared his throat. "We've got a great deal to be proud of here at Pfizer," he said. "We're not resting on our laurels, though. That old American competitive urge won't let us. As long as there's a chance of finding one more antibiotic, you'll find Pfizer in there pitching. There's a lot of money in antibiotics. I won't pretend there isn't. But it's more than that. Streptomycin and penicillin and chloromycetin and aureomycin and our own terramycin are more than just commodities. They're more than drugs. They're life-saving miracles. When you can make a living by helping somebody else in the world, you've got a pretty good life." He stood up, stuck his cigar in his mouth, and held out his hand. "Or so it seems to me," he said.

THE biochemical research plant turned out to be an inscrutable, block-square structure of eight stories directly across the street from the building in which Mr. McKeen and most of the other executives of the company have their offices. Mr. Kane set a leisurely pace toward it. A few steps from the entrance, he drifted to a halt and took a final pull at his cigar. Then, with a grimace of regret, he pitched it away. "We don't smoke in here," he told me. "The only exceptions to the rule are the administrative offices, the washrooms, and the cafeteria." He swung the door open and led the way across a bleak rotunda to a waiting elevator. The operator was a muscular man dressed in white, like a hospital orderly. We lurched aloft. "I guess I ought to explain about smoking," Mr. Kane said. "The reason is rather important. It has nothing to do with fire. Practically nothing, anyway. As a matter of fact, the rule applies equally to eating candy. It's a personnel-safety precaution. A considerable part of the work here involves handling pathogenic organisms, and we don't want our people to have any occasion to be constantly raising their hands to their mouth. Of course, we have other safeguards, too—gloves and masks and so on." He smiled a reassuring smile. "Don't be uneasy. I'm not going to take you anyplace where there's the slightest danger. I can't. It's against the law."

The elevator stopped and we got out. We headed down a long white clinical-looking corridor lined with closed doors. The only sound was the reverberating clomp of our heels. Mr. Kane opened the last door on the left. "Here we are," he said. "Here's where everything starts. This is the mycology laboratory." I followed him into a labyrinth of marble-topped counters, ablaze with sun and laboratory glass—Petri dishes, test tubes, and stubby Erlenmeyer flasks. Moving purposefully about among the counters were three young women in white. One of them gave us a fleeting glance. "A mycologist sounds formidable," Mr. Kane went on, "but he isn't. I happen to be one myself. Mycology is simply the branch of botany concerned with fungi. In other words, this is where we screen samples of soil for microorganisms that look as if they might be capable of producing a useful antibiotic substance. I don't know whether you've ever read any of Waksman's papers. Waksman is responsible for a vast amount of basic work. Among other things, he pioneered in evolving the systematic soil-screening technique that we all use now. Well, his account of how he found streptomycin gives a very graphic picture of what we're up against. No one has put it more succinctly. He begins by saying he examined a total of ten thousand samples of soil. From them he obtained around one thousand individual organisms that appeared to possess some antibacterial properties. About one hundred of that

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thousand, it developed, could actually inhibit bacterial growth. Of the hundred, he was able to isolate just ten. The rest were too unstable. And of the ten, for various complicated reasons, only one proved to be worth bothering about. That was streptomycin. At that, he was lucky. The odds are steeper now. It's no longer enough just to find a new antibiotic. It has to be superior in some way—in strength, range, or lack of toxicity—to anything else on the market. We went through well over a hundred thousand samples before we hit terramycin. But terramycin wasn't the first antibiotic we hit. The first was streptomycin. So was the second. I guess we've rediscovered streptomycin at least a hundred times. Everybody has. It's quite common." He shrugged. "Only, Waksman got there first."

"Where do you get your samples of soil?" I asked.

"From all over," Mr. Kane said. "India, France, South America—everywhere. We have volunteers combing the earth for us. Airline pilots are among our best sources. And explorers. Whenever we hear of an expedition being organized, we get in touch with the leader. Most people are very obliging. Actually, it's no trouble. All they have to do is— Well, you might as well see for yourself." He stepped to a cabinet and pulled open a drawer, disclosing a litter of lumpy packets, each a trifle smaller than a postcard, and made of transparent cellophane. I plucked one out and looked at it. Clotted in a corner was perhaps a tablespoonful of what could have been powdered mustard. The name and address of the company was stamped on the face of the packet. On the back was a descriptive label. It read: "P. C. Barbour. 20 March 1951. Mozambique, P. E. Africa. 17 Km. E. of Cheline."

I dropped the fragment of Portuguese East Africa back in the drawer. Mr. Kane chuckled. "It doesn't look like much, does it?" he said. "Just a dab of dirt. But appearances are deceiving. Actually, it's a universe. Every envelope in that drawer is crammed with living organisms—molds and yeasts and bacteria of all kinds. I guess *potentially* living organisms would be more accurate. Right now, they're in a dormant, or resting, state. They're spores. But given the proper environment, they will very rapidly resume their development, and mature and multiply. Microbiological analysis of soil begins with the providing of that environment. You can't learn much from a spore. They all look more or less alike, even under a microscope. A well-developed colony of microorganisms is something else. Most of them are not only visible to the unaided eye, as you'll see in a moment, but quite easy to identify. Soil analysis is a fairly complicated job. At any rate, it takes time. The first step is to separate into a number of relatively small groups the thousands of spores that are contained in every sample of soil. We do that by mixing half a gram of soil in fifty cc. of water. If you've noticed that girl up there by the window—that's what she's doing with all those flasks. She's making muddy water. That reduces the concentration of spores appreciably. When the soil in a flask has been thoroughly shaken up, we draw off a drop of the suspension—about five-tenths of a cc.—and smear it on a Petri dish containing a nutritive jelly of a sort known to favor the growth of most molds. Then we cover the dish to prevent contamination from the spores in the air, and put it away in the warm room to incubate. At the end of four days, we bring it out and take a look."

Mr. Kane paused, pushed the cabinet drawer to, and peered around the room. Then he touched my arm. "Down this way," he said, and struck off into the maze of counters. I trailed carefully after him along a narrow aisle flanked by hip-high hedges of glass. We emerged before a counter spread with a hundred or so covered dishes. "One of these ought to be enough to give you an idea," he said. "I'd hate to risk polluting something valuable." He reached out, hesitated, and then removed the cover of one of the dishes in the second row. I started. Thrusting up here and there from a sand-gray plain of jelly were a dozen fragile, cottony tufts of brilliant color. Some were as pink as apple blossoms, several were creamy white, others were green or orange or dandelion yellow. One was a dusty blue. It was an astonishingly beautiful sight. It looked like a tiny garden. Mr. Kane grinned. "Pretty, eh?" he said. "Unfortunately, that's about all you can say for this lot. They're all old friends. Most of those white colonies are yeast. The pinks are a variety of mold called Actinomyces. Some members of that family have produced our most valuable antibiotics. Most of them, as a matter of fact. That green one near the far edge is one the whole world knows. It's Fleming's *Penicillium notatum*. Of course, it's merely a curiosity now. Modern penicillin comes from a different strain, a far better producer. It's called *Penicillium chrysogenum*. Kenneth Raper, a Department of Agriculture man, discovered it in 1943, on a rotten cantaloupe he picked up in a market out in Peoria."

"What is that blue one?" I asked.

"Oh, that's a bug," Mr. Kane replied. "Probably one of the Salmonella. You know, the food-poisoning bacteria. They're pretty common. Which is one of the reasons why we don't smoke around here. To tell the truth, though, we don't come across a great many pathogens in the course of screening. Soil isn't the reservoir of disease that most people think. The vast majority of microorganisms are either beneficial or harmless. That's one thing. Another is that most of those that aren't seldom survive for long. About the only serious exceptions are the bacteria responsible for tetanus, anthrax, gas gangrene, and typhoid."

Mr. Kane slipped the cover back on the dish. "Well, that was about an average plate," he said. "Maybe a little under average. We can usually find something of interest. There are hundreds of different molds. Nobody knows how many. We're constantly turning up new ones. Or what look like new ones. Some varieties are impossible to identify until you've seen them in action. Anything that looks at all promising, we isolate for thorough study. None of the girls seem to be working on that phase right now, but no matter. It's easy enough to describe. We simply pick off the colony we want with a sterile needle, drop it into a test tube of jelly, and return it to the warm room for a second period of growth. After about a week, we make another transfer. You can't extract an antibiotic substance from a solid medium. But, as Florey demonstrated, you can from a liquid. So we remove the culture from the tube to a flask of nutrient broth. Then it goes back to the incubator for two or three days or more, depending on its growth rate. Some molds mature faster than others. Then the bacteriological assay laboratory takes over. That's where the cultures are tested for antibiotic activity. I want you to see how we do that. Then we'll have a look at the pilot plant." He raised an immaculate cuff and glanced at his watch. As we moved back up the aisle, he added, "I don't mean to imply that the pilot plant is the last step. It isn't. A good many antibiotics get that far and still eventually come to nothing. Some turn out to be old friends in disguise. Some turn out to be too toxic. Some turn out to be just plain incapable of functioning in living tissue. They're marvels in vitro but worthless in vivo. But the pilot plant

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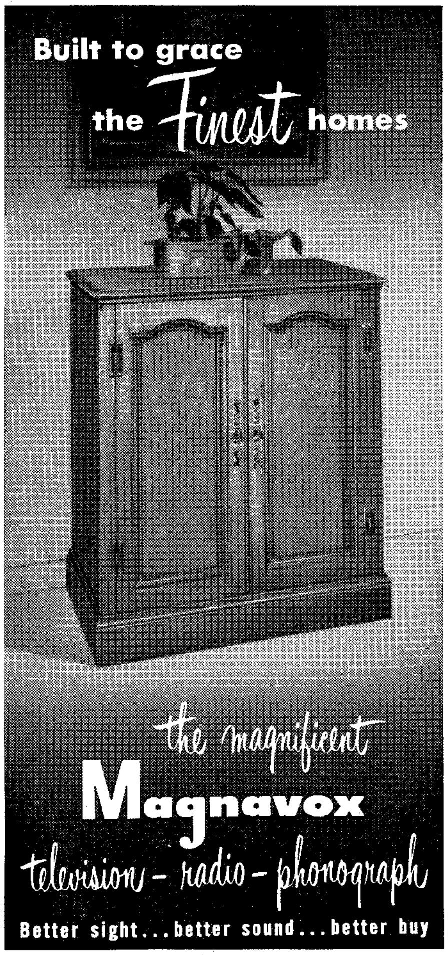
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is as far as I can take you. Everything beyond that stage is restricted, for reasons of sterility or safety."

TWO long corridors and a flight of stairs brought us to the office of the bacteriology laboratory. It was a small, tidy room, walled with filing cabinets and furnished with two desks. Behind one of the desks, a young woman was working at a typewriter. She looked up as we entered. "Oh!" she said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Kane. I'm afraid Dr. English isn't . . . Is there anything I can do?"

Mr. Kane resettled her with a genial shake of his head. "We're just wandering around," he said. Skirting the deserted desk, he led me through an inner door, down a short passage, and into a bright, stark, windowless chamber. On the wall, just to the right of the door, hung a framed certificate, signed and sealed by the New York City Department of Health. It read, in part: "Registration of Premises to Handle or Cultivate Live Pathogenic Microorganisms or Viruses." A massive worktable, on which were deployed a number of lidded Petri dishes, stood in the middle of the room. Above it was suspended an angular chandelier of ultraviolet germicidal lamps.

Mr. Kane removed the cover from the nearest dish. In the center, surrounded by a film of jelly, lay a paper disc about the size of a dime. Radiating out from the disc to the rim of the plate, like the spokes of a wheel, were six shallow indentations a trifle darker in color than the jelly. They looked as if they might have been scratched there with the charred end of a match. Mr. Kane gave a grunt of mild disgust. He pushed the dish aside and uncovered another. "Well, that's more like it," he said. "Quite a difference, isn't there?" I nodded. There was. In the second dish, the shadowy spokes were less clearly defined. Only three of the six extended all the way from the disc to the rim. Two of them ended abruptly half an inch or so from the disc. The other had almost vanished.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Antibiosis," he said. "The first, of course, was a dud. Here's how it works. It's really quite a simple test. As you can see, the procedure isn't unlike the one we use in plating out soil samples. Only, in this case we inoculate the medium with bacteria. That's what those ditches are. They're cultures of different pathogens. The kind depends on what diseases we happen to be interested in at the moment. If we're looking for an antibiotic of potential usefulness against tuberculosis, we'll use a selected strain of *Mycobacterium tuberculosis*, and so on. I don't know just what things English is testing for right now—they vary from time to time—but a representative selection might include the typhoid organism, one of the staphylococci, something in the field of urinary-tract infection, a pneumococcus, a meningococcus, and possibly a *Hemophilus pertussis*, the whooping-cough bug. As you probably know, those are all bacteria. The tests for antiviral activity are run off in another laboratory. They involve the use of infected chick embryos instead of plate cultures, but I'm not going to attempt to describe them. They're much too complicated. The same goes for the rickettsiae, only more so. In addition, they're extremely risky. We don't even do them. No house does. All our screening for rickettsial activity is done for us by the Harvard Medical School. But to come back to bacteriology. When the bacterial cultures are well established, we dip a round of filter paper—one of those discs there—in a flask of broth containing a mature growth of mold and set it out on the dish. If the mold is capable of producing an antibiotic, it will be present in the broth, and the filter paper will soak up all we need. That's one of the most remarkable characteristics of an antibiotic—its high specific activity. Of course, to be effective, all drugs must be able to withstand a good deal of dilution without loss of potency. But the antibiotics are unique in that respect. Some organisms are sensitive to some antibiotics in solutions containing as little as one part antibiotic to one hundred million parts of diluent. That's what makes a test like this possible. Otherwise, the almost immeasurably minute amount of antibiotic substance present in that little disc

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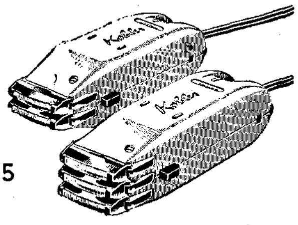

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could never have had the effect you see on the cultures in those three ditches. One culture practically wiped out and two very definitely inhibited. Unfortunately, a sight like that is pretty rare. Only about five per cent of our molds show any promising kind of antibiotic activity. The rest turn out exactly like that other—nothing." He picked up the covers and fitted them back on the dishes. "As a matter of fact," he added, "even some of those that do show some activity never get to the pilot plant. Biochemical analysis always eliminates a few of them. They just won't lend themselves to any kind of practical production."

WE were still some distance from the pilot plant, moving down another lifeless corridor, when I caught a whiff of something sweet and damp and musty. It was a familiar smell, but for a moment I couldn't place it. Then, as we approached a heavy door at the end of the corridor, the smell grew stronger, and I remembered. It was the dark, earthy smell of a country cellar in summer. Mr. Kane saw me wrinkling my nose, and smiled. "Mold," he told me. "Or, rather, a combination of mold and broth. What you're actually smelling is fermentation. If you think this is powerful, you ought to walk by one of our main production buildings. You'd swear you were passing a distillery. A couple of months ago, a tenement over that way burned down. In the ruins, the police found the remains of a still. All the neighbors had smelled it—you can't disguise the smell of an operation like that—but apparently nobody had given it a thought. They thought it was penicillin."

Mr. Kane laughed. He opened the door, releasing a blast of pungent warmth, and waved me into a glitter of white tile, reptilian pipes, and polished metal tubs—huge, hooded, and wholly enigmatic—patrolled by a squad of men in spotless white. Several of the men had writing boards under their arms, and one was crouched at the base of a tub, staring at a panel of dials and making an occasional note. At the far end of the room, silhouetted against a wall of windows, rose three great cylindrical tanks of stainless steel. They were at least twenty feet high and perhaps five in diameter, and each was capped by a bristling growth of pipes and gauges and levers and wheels. Girdling the three tanks, some fifteen feet above the floor, was a narrow, railed catwalk, reached by an iron stairway. We emerged from the parade of hulking tubs at the foot of the stairs. "You don't often see fermentation tanks this size in a pilot plant," Mr. Kane said, heaving himself agilely up ahead of me. "They'll hold two thousand gallons apiece. The average is around three hundred. But, compared to the tanks we use in commercial production, they're pygmies. We've got some up at Groton with a capacity of twenty-five thousand gallons. However, that's the only difference—size. These tanks and the biggest ones all operate on the same principle. John McKeen gave you a rough idea of how submerged fermentation works. If you remember, he said it involved aerating a liquid mass. Well, the air is introduced into the broth by means of a high-pressure sparger in the base of the tank. Sterile air, of course. But there's more to the problem than that. Left to itself, the mold would naturally tend to accumulate on the surface of the broth. We prevent that by a system of agitators fixed to a central vertical shaft. They keep the mass in a turmoil, and the result is growth at every level. Maybe you'd like to take a look." He indicated a small glass porthole set in the shoulder of the nearest tank. I rubbed away a film of moisture and peered in. At first, I could see nothing but darkness. Then the darkness dissolved into a murky twilight, and I could just make out a tiny fury of sand-colored foam. There was nothing else. "Disappointed?" Mr. Kane asked as I straightened up. "I always am. Too much like a washing machine."

"How much antibiotic does a tank this size produce?" I asked.

"That depends," Mr. Kane replied. "It's largely up to the mold. As you know, some are heavier producers than others. We'll seed one of these tanks with anywhere from two ounces to five gallons of pure culture. The incubation period varies, too. A few molds will produce their maximum of antibiotic in a couple of days. Others need a week. I'd say the average return from a two-thousand-gallon tank is about nine pounds. We don't necessarily recover that much, though. There's almost always some loss during extraction. Those machines down there on the floor are all extractors of one kind or another. I'm going to give you the simplest possible notion of that phase of our operation. The procedure is roughly this: When the antibiotic has been excreted into the broth, we pump the whole mass of material out of the tank and through a rotary drum filter. That separates the liquor from the mold.

Then the mold is discarded and the liquor is piped through a series of centrifugal extractors, each containing a different chemical solvent, which eliminates by absorption certain extraneous matter. At the end of six or seven passages, we're left with a fairly pure concentrated solution of antibiotic and water. We run that through another filter, this time for the purpose of sterilization, and then into an evaporation tank. The result is a bucket of more or less colorless crystals. It's also either the end or the beginning. That's when we find out what we've got."

We were standing at the catwalk rail, looking down at the men and machines on the floor below. For a moment, neither of us spoke. Then Mr. Kane turned toward the stairs. As we passed the tank whose contents I had glimpsed, he put out a hand and lightly brushed its flank. It was an odd, caressing gesture. "You never know," he said. "All you can do is hope. We seeded this tank this morning with a mold that— well, to put it mildly, it looks like a wonder. It looks even bigger than terramycin. In other words, it's just possible that with fifty-seven million square miles of earth to choose from, we've been lucky enough to pick up the prize handful. But, as I say, you never know." He gave me a rueful smile. "It's also very possible," he said, "that all we've done is rediscover streptomycin."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

Davis today began what is perhaps the most difficult thing for a criminal lawyer—to convince the jury of his client's innocence.—*George Draper in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Neatly said. And nicely thought out, too.

•

"My first movie will be anti-adultery, which should satisfy the religious groups, and I hope to film it at a national park like the Grand Canyon so it will be educational," he explained. "Like a travelogue."
—*San Francisco Examiner.*

You're forgetting the groups that can't stand heights.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Vancouver Sun*]

Ask anyone who has spent a lifetime on this Coast which season of the year they prefer, and they'll be hard-pressed to tell you. . . . Maybe Winter does pall a trifle, but not if the sound of rain on a roof is mother's milk to your olfactory organs.

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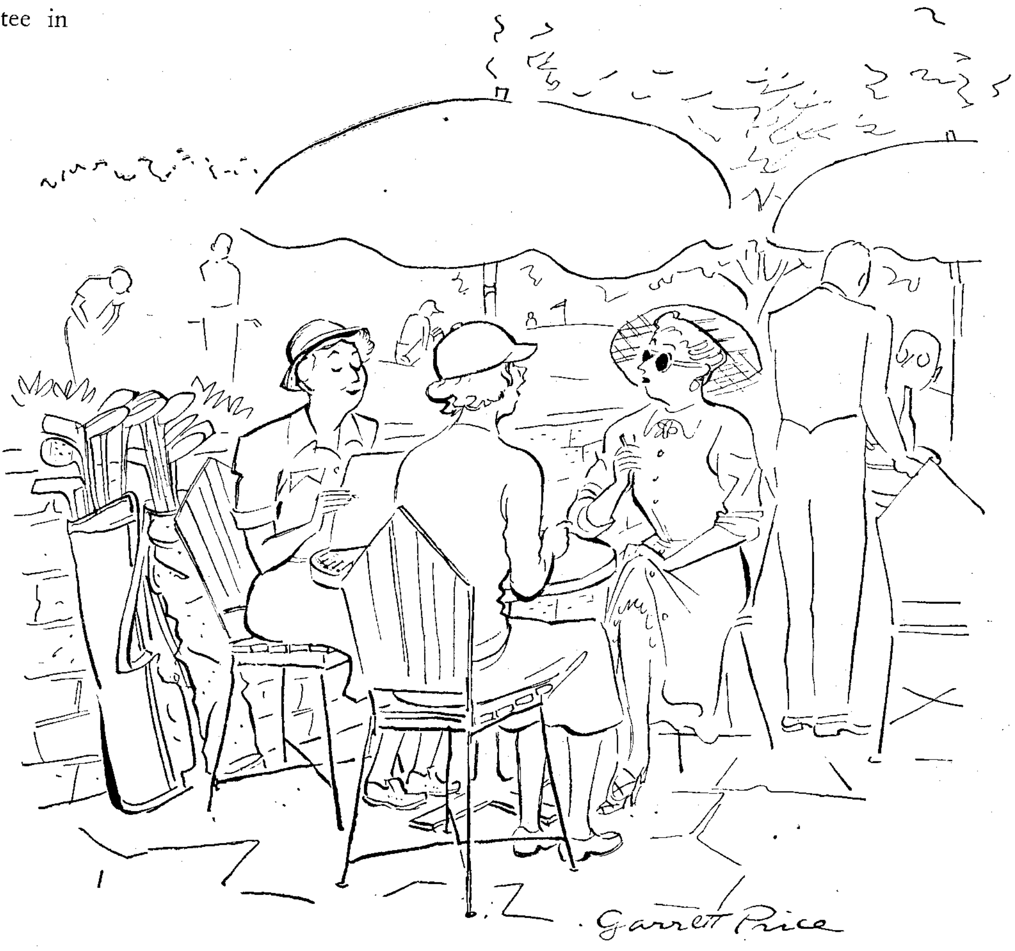
THE THEATRE

AS REVUES GO . . .

"TWO ON THE AISLE," which opened at the Mark Hellinger last week, was described by some of the people in the first-night audience, in my hearing, as "an old-fashioned revue." I guess what they meant by that was that there is nothing in it that is likely to surprise anybody. Since surprises in a summer musical production with a title like "Two on the Aisle" would probably strike the majority of theatregoers as being in doubtful taste, I don't think that the show's failure to startle should be held against it. To my mind, the fashion of "Two on the Aisle" is not so much an old one among revues as a chronic one; that is, there is a lot of very ordinary stuff in the piece, and three or four things that are better than ordinary. The best of the latter is a one-man sketch in which a shrewd and supple mimic named Elliott Reid sums up the recent televised sessions of the Kefauver Committee in New York. Mr. Reid touches on the main figures in that memorable pageant—Senators Kefauver, O'Conor, and Tobey; Mr. Halley, the committee's chief counsel; and Frank Costello, the straight man—not in separate chunks of imitation but in a smooth, neatly organized round of dialogue that is funny throughout. I understand that he first performed this number on television. It was an ingenious move on the part of Arthur Lesser, the producer of "Two on the Aisle," or his scouts to look for comic talent in a place like that, and a lucky one, too, because the show has few other high points.

"Two on the Aisle" does have cheerful acting by its stars, Bert Lahr and Dolores Gray, and by the principal supporting players, Colette Marchand, Stanley Prager, and Mr. Reid (who shows up from time to time in other scenes besides his Kefauver specialty). However, the songs and sketches by Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green do not give Mr. Lahr a chance to do much more than radiate good will, while Miss Gray is effective largely through her own natural assets, which include looks and a singing voice that carries the strong, exhilarating impact of a trombone. By way of exceptions, there are a couple of reasonably intelligent skits and a couple of songs of the same medium, but better-than-average, quality. A playlet (written by Nat Hiken and William Friedberg) dealing with the problems of a trash collector in a park who has lost the fire and form of his earlier years in the profession is arranged and worded with some drollness, although, like most revue sketches, good or bad, it has a hell of a time getting itself wrapped up and off the stage. There is another sketch in which Mr. Lahr looks and sounds pretty much like an old-time ballplayer and in which Mr. Reid, interviewing him on the radio, conveys certain overtones of Bill Stern, the National Broadcasting Company's famous coiner of facts. There is also a number about space soldiers of the Captain Video stripe that contains a line that pleased me when I heard it, though I'm not sure now just why. "I told you to wait in the rocket," says Mr. Lahr, as Captain Universe, to an unruly space cadet. The better songs of the score, each of them equipped with lyrics a bit more complex than seems appropriate, the tunes being straightforward and brassy, are "If You Hadn't But You Did," "At the Met," and "Give a Little, Get a Little Love."

A weakness of "Two on the Aisle" is the dancing—or, rather, the dances. Miss Marchand, a ballet star whose shanks are justly renowned, obviously knows how to dance, and the leading males in this department, J. C. McCord and Gordon Hamilton, are also competent, but the measures they are asked to tread seem lacking in good sense. Maybe it helps if you know dogs. There is a dog-show dance, in the second act, in which Miss Marchand impersonates a French poodle, and the girls of the ensemble simulate Russian wolfhounds, Dalmatians, Pekinese, and cocker span-



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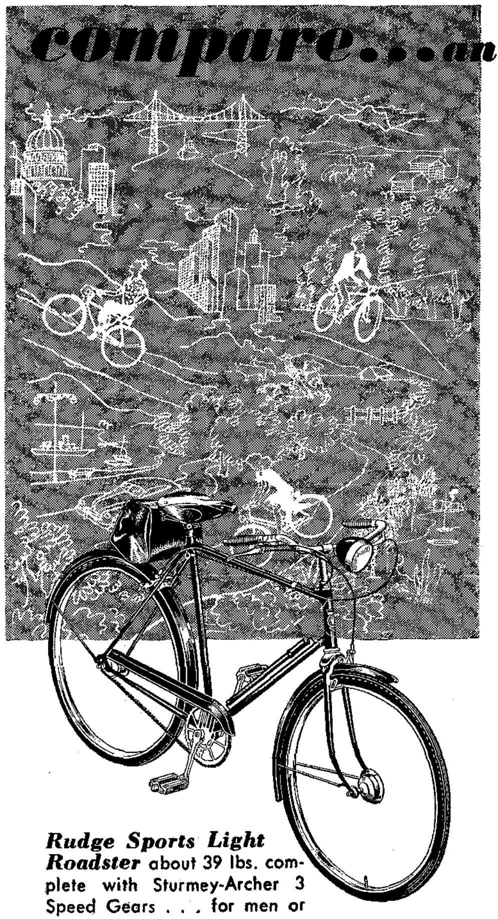

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iels. Miss Marchand looked to me just like a game, hard-working lady in a black costume, and the girls of the ensemble struck me as being too long-stemmed and beautiful for Pekinese, or even wolfhounds. "Two on the Aisle" has been staged in its entirety by Abe Burrows. I have no fault to find with his work, especially as regards the speed of the show and its tight, orderly style, except that the blackouts seem to take about two-fifths of a second longer than the blackouts I remember from my youth. The record, set by Minsky in 1928, is one and four-fifths seconds.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

INFATUATION WITH MANEUVERABILITY OF EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Call Her Rosie," by Eva Bruce*]

"What's so funny about that?" demanded the Doctor, his bushy brows colliding over the high bridge of his nose. —*Page 18.*

The Doctor's brows climbed as if they were trying to get under the crown of his derby hat. —*Page 20.*

"Not if she has many more spells like the last one," countered the Doctor; then his brows reared. —*Page 24.*

The Doctor bent his head sideways and took a look at Rosie's face. His brows kicked up in the middle and made little tents of tenderness over the light blue of his eyes. —*Page 59.*

"Scare him?" The Doctor's thick brows collided. —*Page 86.*

"Huh!" The Doctor's brows did a snake dance of derision. —*Page 88.*

"You didn't, eh?" His bushy brows twitched. —*Page 106.*

"Did he give any reason for sobering up?" The Doctor's brows took them all in on that question, all but Rosie. —*Page 132.*

"Well?" His voice was judicial, stern almost, but his brows gave him away. They kicked up in the middle and made tents of compassion over the light blue of his eyes. —*Page 133.*

"Me!" His bushy brows writhed almost to where his hairline used to be. —*Page 286.*

•

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AD HOC
ANDREA MUSI, DIR. TECN.
NICO LUBATTI, DIR. ART.

—*Letter to an American magazine from an Italian magazine.*

Whoopee to you!

THE PEARL NECKLACE

Mother came down the walk from our big white house and through the wicket gate to where Father, Mr. Watts, and I were standing, beside the automobile. She had on her tan poplin duster, and her tremendous hat was tied down with a long, thick veil. As she joined us, she twisted the two rings on her right hand so that their solitary pearls were turned in toward the palm, and then did the same thing with the diamond solitaire on her left hand. Then she put on her gloves, working them carefully down each finger.

"Where are your rings, Frances?" Father asked her. He meant the other two pearls—the black and the pink—and the big Hungarian fire opal, with twelve diamonds around it. He liked her to wear all her rings.

"In the house, Mr. Prewett," Mother said. She addressed Father formally, the way wives usually addressed their husbands in the South when I was growing up.

Father handed her into the car, a Marathon, with some vigor. He was wearing one of his more subdued suits, an oxford gray with a small-figured vest, edged with narrow braid; in his tie he wore a black pearl stickpin. He went around the Marathon, caught the steering wheel like reins, and vaulted up.

I climbed into the back. I was wearing an old gingham dress, and, underneath, bloomers that drooped below its hem. This remote resemblance to a lady's beach costume seemed appropriate, for I was going river pearling. I also wore socks and patent-leather Mary Janes, which I wouldn't take off until the moment before I stepped into the water and began searching for mussels with pearls in them.

Mr. Watts, a white man who was the only tenant on our Tennessee place (he also took care of it whenever the family was away), went to the front of the car, bent over, and took hold of the crank. I don't remember, after all these years, what he was wearing, except that he had a red handkerchief around his neck, but I do recall that his perennial grin, above the hood of the engine, showed a group of three lower teeth in two otherwise bare gums. He was a very small man. He cranked once and jumped back. Nothing happened, so he cranked again, and then again. The third time, the engine sputtered. He watched Father questioningly a moment, and, when Father nodded, he came around and got in beside me, carefully laying the crank on the floor, next to Father's fish bucket. I had always liked Mr. Watts, but a strangeness had lately come between us. I glanced uneasily at his folded hands and looked away. He had no thumb on his left hand—only a sort of egg-shaped mound where his thumb had been—and a week or so before our pearling trip, and before I had noticed this, we had gone fishing together, and he had balled up a fist with his good thumb stuck up and said, "Lessee can you knock my thumb off."

"Oh, no," I said.

"You're purty strong, for a girl," he said. "Go ahead and try."

"I couldn't!"

"Go on," he said, grinning and nodding his head. "Go on. Dare you."

I batted at the hand uncertainly, felt a faint scratch of his thumbnail, and saw him double over with a howl. After a moment, he straightened up and held out a thumbless hand.

"You done it," he said. "You done knocked my thumb clear off."

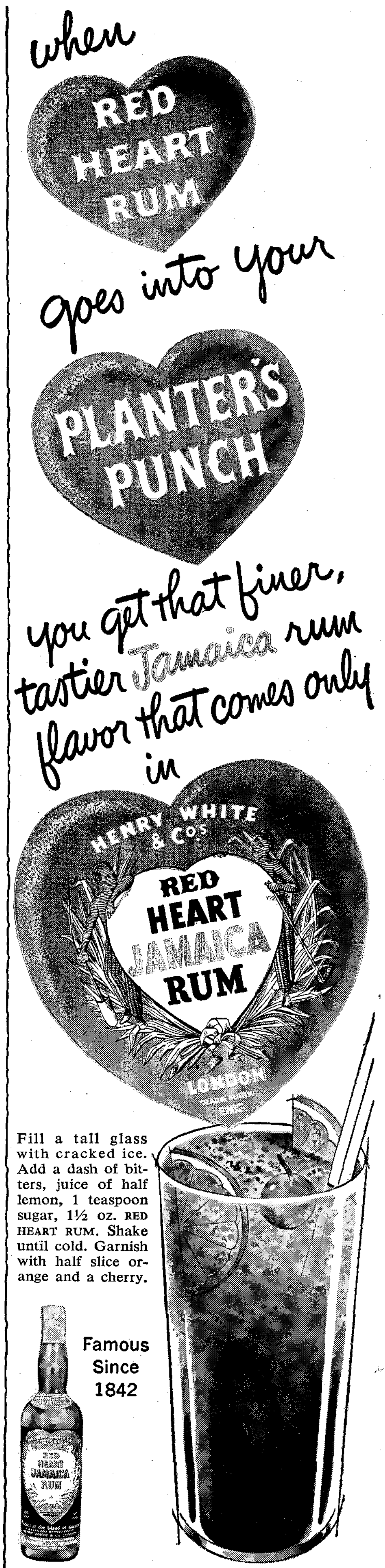
I thought for a second that it was a trick, but he let me examine his hand closely, and there was no thumb. Then he saw me anxiously stare at the ground, and he, too, began staring. "It orter be around here somers," he said. "I'll holp you look."

When we got back home, I told the family, with remorseful sobs, what I had done. Father was annoyed, and told me that Mr. Watts had switched hands on me. After supper, when he and I met Mr. Watts in the back yard, Father said to him, "That wasn't very funny. The child believed you. She's upset."

Mr. Watts grinned. "I thought she knowed better," he said. "I lost it in a cider mill, before she's born."

He had never looked at me since without a sly look in his eye. Mother said to Father, that night, that Mr. Watts was a very poor tenant, and why didn't he let him go, but Father said nobody in the county knew the fishing holes like Mr. Watts, or the mussel beds. I never went fishing with Mr. Watts again, however. Mother said a man who had lost his thumb in a cider mill was not a good chaperon.

The top of the Marathon was down, and the leather seats were hot in the afternoon sun. After a few coughs and jerks, the car moved away, with such speed that the picket fence in front of the house was a blur of white by the



Fill a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a dash of bitters, juice of half lemon, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ oz. RED HEART RUM. Shake until cold. Garnish with half slice orange and a cherry.

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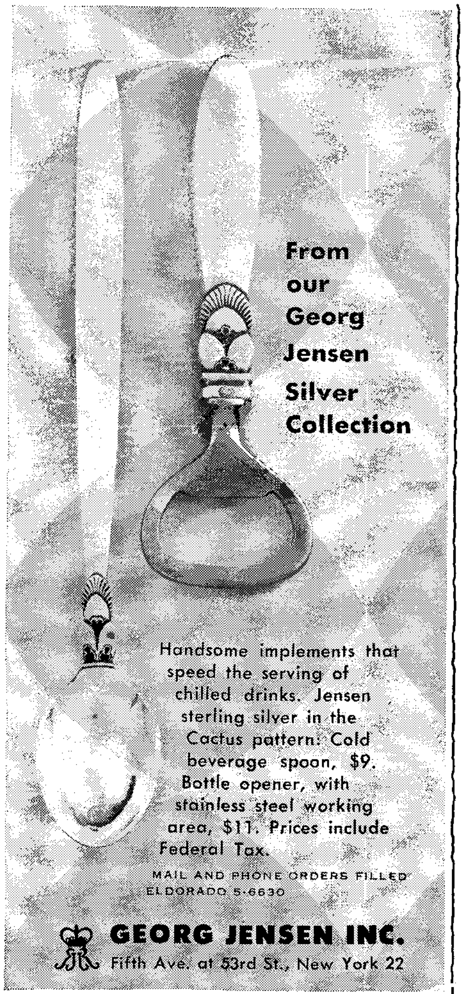

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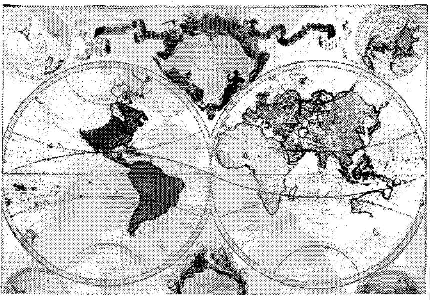

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time we passed the crape-myrtle bush, at one corner of the yard, and the saddle horses hitched in front of Mr. James' store, across the road, bunched and then fanned apart, snorting and leaping. Father grandly ignored them; Mother cut a nervous eye their way. We turned to the right, past the store, and took a narrow, flinty road. Father honked the horn before every blind curve. Mr. Watts sat with his hands folded and slyly grinned at me. Mother was very erect. Her huge hat remained calm and stable through all the jouncing. I finally slumped into my corner and dreamed of pearls.

WE were going to a ford in the Caney Fork River, where Mr. Watts knew of a mussel bed in water shallow enough for a little girl to go pearling. I was sure if I went pearling, a necklace I longed for would grow faster. Up to then, Father had given me the only pearls I had for it. Father, who had inherited both money and property, dabbled in farming and pearls largely to amuse himself. In those days, there was a boom in harvesting pearls from the river beds of Tennessee. Father, I have been told, sold several pearls to Black, Starr, & Frost (Gorham was added later), in New York. The pearls he had brought me were seed pearls, or so Mother called them, and she had promised to have a necklace made for me when I had enough. "A pearl necklace is the only jewelry a little girl should wear," she had said. I had carefully matched the pearls for color and size and shape, and discarded the ones that were too irregular and dull. I now had a palmful at home, and needed at least three palmfuls more. Father was losing interest in pearling, because he said the market was full for the time being, and, furthermore, Mother would not wear all she had, so this afternoon had to count. It had taken me several weeks of pleading to achieve this occasion, and there was about it a critical air. I had either to find all the pearls I needed today or pearl so well I could persuade my father to bring me again.

When we reached Caney Fork, Father stopped the car above the ford and stared at the water, which was yellow and muddy. I had never seen sunlight glint on muddy-yellow ripples before, and I was astonished at the brilliant sparks refracted from them. On the opposite side of the river was a gravel beach, with driftwood at the lower end.

"River's low," Mr. Watts said. "Only time she could of ever reached the bed." Father, without speaking, drove down the incline into the water, and the car splashed across and up the other slope. He went on until he found a field to turn around in, and then we headed back and pulled off the road, stopping under a tree near the gravel beach. Mother loosened her veil and said to me, "You may take your shoes off now." Father dismounted and walked halfway to the river's edge, glaring disgustedly at the water. Mr. Watts took the bucket, got out of the car, and started for the river, and after I got my shoes and socks off I followed. The pebbles on the beach were sharp, so I stepped carefully on the sides of my feet, occasionally repressing an "Ouch!"

"Where is it?" Father asked. "How far?" He sounded very bored.

"Right thar," said Mr. Watts. He waved vaguely at the river. "I'll just wade out and get my bearings," he said. He kicked off his shoes, which never had laces in them, and, without bothering to roll up his trouser legs, walked into the river, advancing slowly, swinging his feet in small arcs with each step. A short distance out, he stopped, then explored up and down an invisible line. "Here she is," he said, and returned, grinning, to shore. "Take the bucket," he said to me, "and holt my hand." I took the bucket in one hand, his hand in my other, and followed him into the water. It was warm, and the mud was soft and pleasant against my feet.

The bucket was heavy. I let it rest on the water, and the current pulled at it—pulled at my gingham skirt, too—and I rocked away from Mr. Watts, almost falling. He took the bucket wordlessly, and we went slowly into deeper water. "Now, about here," he said. "Feel along with your feet as you go." I took care to stay a little back of him, gingerly feeling with my feet until he stopped. The water now came almost to my waist. "Here," he said. "Stick your toes along the edge of the bed." Exploring with my right foot, I felt the sharp edge of a shell, and jerked back. "Don't need to be afeard," said Mr. Watts. "Just reach down and get one"—he reached down and came up with a mussel—"and put it in the bucket." He dropped his in, and it made a dull thump.

I reached down through the dirty water, down, down to my toes, spread my fingers over the mounded side of a mussel, and tugged. "I can't get it," I said. "It's stuck."

"Work it back and forth a little," Mr. Watts said. "Here, I'll loosen one up for you." He pawed around in the water, half grinning, only his head and part of his back abovewater. "Now you try here," he said, and I followed his guiding hand and easily picked up a mussel, and another and another, and dropped them in the bucket, my teeth gritting at the soft thump they made hitting the bottom. Pretty soon, he said, "Look a-here! Bucket's full."

We went back to the bank, and Mr. Watts dumped the mussels on the beach. Father strolled over and stared at them. "I'll drag us over that trunk, there," Mr. Watts said, "to sit on while we open." He rolled a half-rotted log from the driftwood caught against a fringe of willow below us, and he and I sat on it. Father stood looking on. Mr. Watts took a big jackknife from his pocket, opened it, and, with the red handkerchief from his neck, wiped the blade, the point of which was broken off. Then he handed me the knife and a mussel. He put his right hand over my right hand and guided the knife against the narrow edge of the shell. "You got to slip it in here right," he said, "or you'll cut yourself."

From the car, Mother's voice floated calmly. "You open the mussels, Mr. Watts."

Father glanced at Mr. Watts, and Mr. Watts took back the knife and the mussel, forced the blade between the halves of the shell, prized them apart an inch or two, and said, "Careful, now. Run your finger around inside and see can you find a pearl." I stuck a finger into the cool, slippery interior and dabbed around.

"Careful," Mr. Watts said. He was holding his left hand cupped under the partly opened mussel. Father watched us closely. My finger felt slimy. "I can't find one," I said.

Mr. Watts drew the mussel away from me, suddenly wrenched it fully open, grasped the quivering blob in his hand, and flung it on the beach. The ravished halves of shell glimmered. I felt sick, and I shrieked. Father asked sharply, hurriedly searching with his eyes for the knife in Mr. Watts' hand, "What's the matter?"

"It looks like an adenoid," I said. "I saw them when the doctor took them out."

"Don't be silly," Father said. "It looks like an oyster. You liked the oyster stew at Skowlowski's."

That was our favorite restaurant in Nashville, but the stew seemed to rise, now, in my throat. I could not look at the grayish blob on the beach. Mr. Watts opened another mussel, and this time I think I must have turned a little green, because both he and my father stared at me very hard.

"Tell you what," said Mr. Watts. "I'll just build us up a little fire here,

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and we'll set the bucket on it, and they'll open up nice and easy when they get warm."

At this, Father looked revolted. "You'll ruin the lustre," he said.

"Not that hot," Mr. Watts said. He picked up the bucket and started down the beach. "Thar's a branch over here a piece. I'll fill 'er up with clear water." He disappeared among the willows. We sat in silence until he came back.

IT seemed to me, when Mr. Watts' grinning head appeared through the willows, that he was my only friend. He put down the bucket near us and went back to the pile of driftwood. He broke a lot of dead sticks and brought them over, along with cornstalks and leaves, and laid a fire. Then, around it, he made a circle of rocks and pebbles to set the bucket on, and lighted the fire. Father watched without saying anything. I helped Mr. Watts feed the fire. He had always baited my hook when we had gone fishing, and taken off the perch I caught, but we hadn't told Father that. Father had no use for a fisherman who didn't bait his own hook. In spite of Mr. Watts' sly grin, all at once I wished I could cut off my thumb and sew it on the place where his lost thumb had been. Then I noticed the mussels were beginning to rise lazily to the top of the bucket; their shells opened and their jellied insides slid out and floated on the surface. I walked quickly from the beach and sat on the running board of the car, near Mother, who was still sitting in the front seat, and didn't look at the bucket again until Father called me back. By then, Mr. Watts had carefully poured off the water, and emptied the shells and the gray blobs into the river.

A thin layer of silt and sand lay on the bottom of the bucket. Mr. Watts leaned over and poked his fingers gently through it and brought up a pearl about the size of a small pea. He rolled it between the palms of his hands, studied it a moment, then held it out to Father.

Father took it, rolled it over and over in his palm, held it against the light, looked thoughtful, said "Not worth much," and took out his old leather wallet, which always puffed out like an accordion when he unfastened the flap, because its compartments were so full of small packets of pearls wrapped in cotton and jeweller's paper. He unwrapped a small packet, placed the pearl inside it, put the packet back in his wallet, and returned the wallet to his pocket while Mr. Watts looked on. Then Mr. Watts said to me, "Hold out your hand," and I held out my two hands side by side. He shook what was in the bottom of the bucket into them, and I saw here and there a lovely, milky color.

When the water drained out of the silt and sand, I shifted the residue in my right hand to my left and slowly fingered through the pile, uncovering seed pearls, not much larger than large grains of sand. Some were much too white, too irregular, too dark, or too pink. There wasn't a single perfect one, a perfect, round, pale, faintly pinkish one, but, yes, there were a few good ones and one *almost* perfect one. I rolled them slowly over in my palm, brushing away the sand and the silt, very slowly, very carefully, Father and Mr. Watts observing keenly my choices, my hesitations, my rejections, until at last I had seven—no, eight—that might do, that would probably fit in with those at home. They made a tiny, gleaming pool in the hollow of my palm, tenderly young and helpless; they were mine now, and glad of it, I felt sure, their life on the muddy river bottom forgotten.

Mother's voice again floated calmly among us. "It is getting late, Mr. Prewett."

"We must go," Father said.

"You got enough?" Mr. Watts asked me. His eyes were very shrewd, appraising me. "You want some more. I can fill up the bucket and we can take it back and open 'm to home."

I was torn. I looked at the loathsome bucket Mr. Watts held, and at the pearls in my palm. Mr. Watts took the bucket into the water. Father said to me, "Careful, now. Wrap them in this cotton." He had taken out his wallet again.

"I want to hold them," I said. He wrapped them in the cotton.

"Now, put them in this envelope."

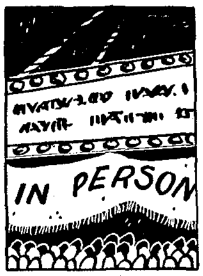
"I want to hold it," I said.

I did hold the envelope. We all went back to the car. Father mounted behind the steering wheel. I got in the back seat. Mr. Watts put on his shoes and set the bucket, filled with mussels, on the floor near me. It smelled of the river, a fish-and-mud smell. I did not look at it but looked at the back of Mother's vast hat. She had a long hatpin stuck through it, and its head was a solid-pink castle of mother-of-pearl that, Father had told us, came from a river in Arkansas. Mr. Watts took the crank to the front, and the engine sputtered, and he ran back and jumped in beside me, giggling. My feet were too muddy for me to put on my shoes, so I rode all the way home barefooted. Nobody said a word. The Marathon made a lot of noise, and animals ran when we passed them. Father said afterward we did fifteen miles an hour, except on the curves.

—BOWEN INGRAM

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Perdurable



YOUNGER readers in the group might like to hear, quite briefly, about a work called "Show Boat," which is now making its third appearance on celluloid. This musical comedy was in its day as popular as "South Pacific" is now, and twenty-odd years ago, when it first came along, it had such a powerful effect on the citizenry that the town was full of ladies hanging over fire escapes of a summer night and moaning, "He's Just My Bill [or Al or Phil]," and canoes were overturned when oarsmen dropped their paddles to croak "Why Do I Love You?" The book of this show—about the showboat captain's daughter and the gambler, with a subplot concerning a fine-looking female whose father hadn't taken the case against miscegenation seriously—need not trouble us here. What I think we should all remember is that the music by Jerome Kern and the lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II are as good as any you're going to get in a very long, long time.

Having seen about half a dozen interpretations of "Show Boat," in both legitimate and shadow play, I have an unhappy tendency to merge many of the subsidiary performers in my mind and to start footless arguments about the relative merits of, say, Helen Morgan in the original and Carol Bruce in a fairly recent stage revival. At any rate, I'm close enough to this latest job to tell you that the only person in it who comes up to the standards of the very first company is William Warfield, a colored baritone who lines out "Ol' Man River" the way Jules Bledsoe did it years ago. The rest of the people milling around here are unobjectionable but hardly praiseworthy. In the role of the showboat captain's daughter, Kathryn Grayson behaves as if these good popular airs were just warmups for the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé," and Howard Keel, as the gambler, Gaylord Ravenal, didn't impress me as the kind of man who would know the secrets of manipulating three walnut shells and a pea. Ava Gardner, playing the mulatto girl, is subjected to such close scrutiny by the camera that her handsome face often takes on the attributes of a relief map of Yugoslavia, and when she opens her mouth in song, she and the invisible contralto who is doing the real work synchronize so rarely that she might just as well be reciting Burke on the Colonies as doing lip service to "Why Was I Born?"

For all this captious treatment of the piece, though, it will do for a summer's evening, and in the improbable circumstance that you've never laid eyes on "Show Boat" before, you'll probably love the thing.

IT'S hard to say whether the movies this week are trying to excite nostalgia or arthritis in the spectator. We now take up "Peking Express," an asinine remake of "Shanghai Express," in which Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook figured so skillfully some years back. This time the express is reduced to a milk train, and it carries, to no purpose, Joseph Cotten, Edmund Gwenn, and Marvin Miller. . . . If you have been brooding heavily about the inequities of the sorority system, "Take Care of My Little Girl" ought to convince you that your apprehensions are well founded. Never having given the matter any thought myself, I shall simply remark that the movie is as unsubstantial as any Hollywood interpretation of adolescents and their woes I have ever seen. It's just possible, I guess, that juveniles as interpreted by middle-aged worriers on the West Coast aren't, and have never been, very interesting. Jeanne Crain is the leading sister in this one.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Mrs. Jean W. Howell, director of Live Oak Park, is in Herrick Hospital with an ankle fracture she received after falling into a hole while chasing boys from the park.

In a letter to the KEY published on page 8 Mrs. Howell sends best wishes to all the children enjoying the facilities of the park and her hope to be back on "active duty" in a few weeks.—*Berkeley (Calif.) Key.*

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[LAUGHTER] ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

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MR. MILLIKIN. The Senator said earlier that he did not want to be cowed.

MR. DOUGLAS. Or bulled. [Laughter.]

MR. MILLIKIN. I want to be steered correctly, and I do not want to be bulled. [Laughter.]

MR. DOUGLAS. Neither do I.

(See Page 60)

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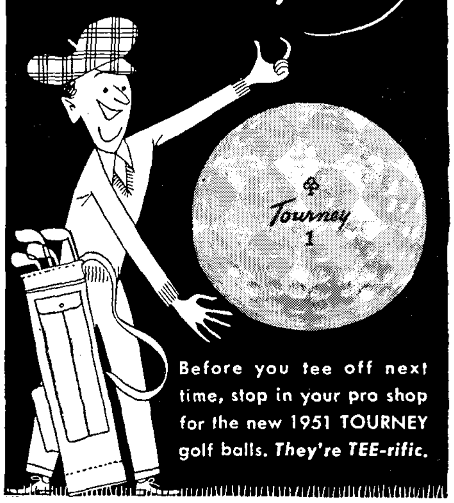

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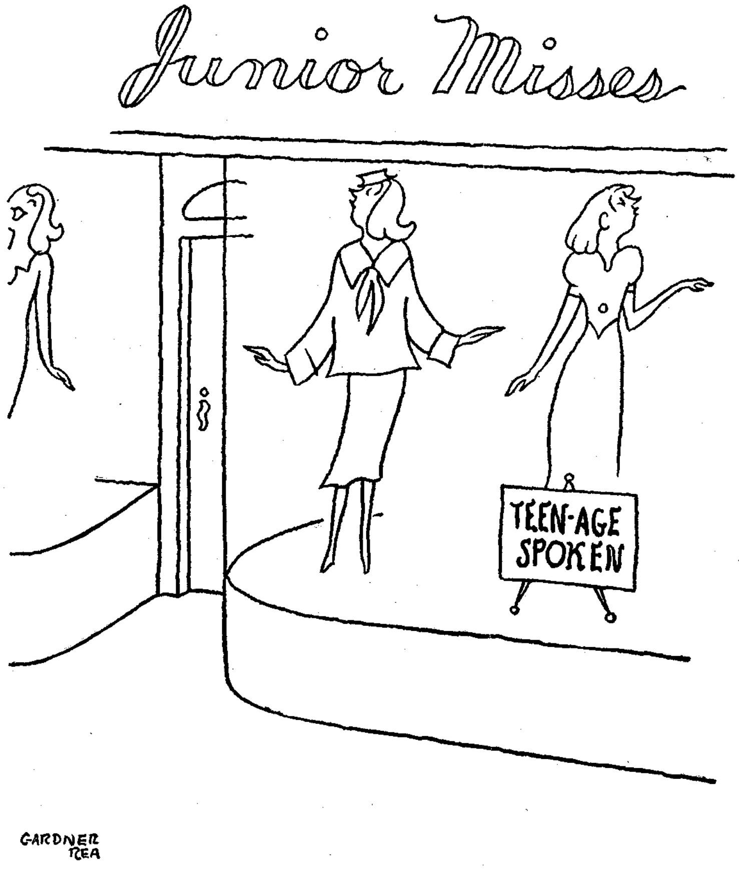
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE custom collections of autumn hats make more charming sense than I have seen in many a year. (How often must I explode the fiction that milliners are sweet but irresponsible children?) There is, of course, the usual pious idiocy from the designers who pretend that they're bothered about how women are going to do their hair. Michel, of Helena Rubinstein, last year produced a winged hairdo that was brushed up high and wide above the ears and that gave a triangular look to the face and a point to the chin, and the wide, flattish hats that were found to be so becoming with this coiffure are still with us in the new showings. Michel's present fantasy is having the hair still smooth and flat across the top but very bouffant around the ears, and he uses a permanent underneath to give body to the rest of it. It's rather like the early twenties, except that then women ratted their hair underneath and used nets to keep it smooth. But both Michel and whatever hairdresser you happen to fancy (who will claim he thought it up himself) cheerfully admit that this exaggerated concoction is just a shock approach and that this hairdo can be modified in many ways. A hairdresser named Enrico Caruso (that name has a familiar ring) wowed the audience at the showing of the new John Frederics hats by giving the models a short haircut that was brushed up and away from the hairline all the way around. It was particularly effective in back, where short, spiky curls rose to the crown of the head. And Arthur, of the Graybar Building Beauty Salon, has acquired a certain reputation because of his masterly shingle for women who like a smart, shorn look but don't want it to seem masculine. (Who was saying last year that all women were letting their hair grow?) All these inventions supposedly call for hats to be worn fairly high across the top of the head, but I noticed that the mannequins who paraded the hats looked fine even though most of these girls, who have to be all things to all designers, must have hair long enough to be done in a variety of ways.

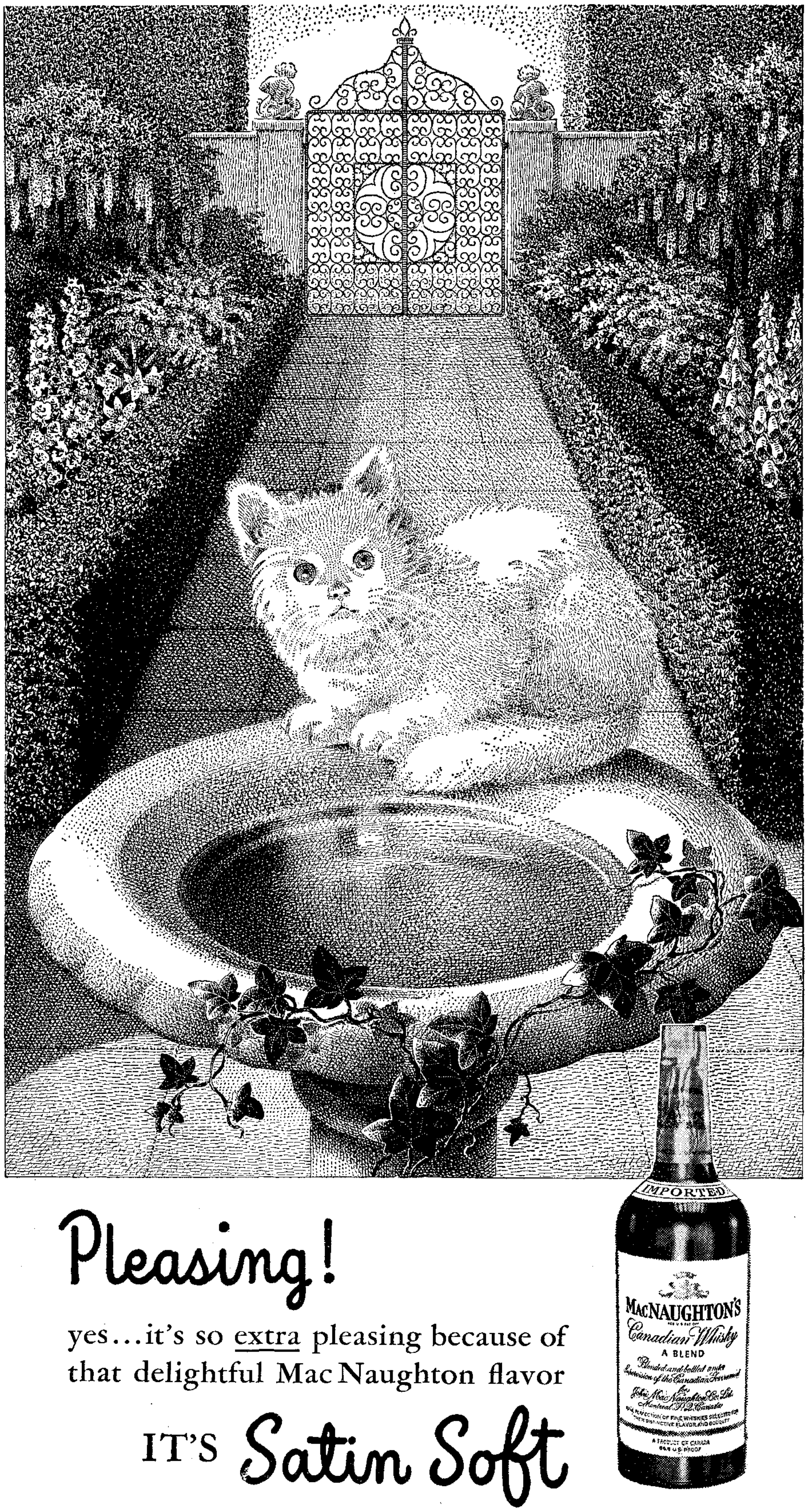


There are a few common denominators in the highly individual collections on view at the moment. The high, straight-across hat I've just mentioned is the dominant one. Often it is worn a bit above the brows, and there is a platform beneath the brim to elevate it so that it will shadow the upper forehead without actually covering it. This makes the hat seem to jut forward; in fact, many models are very short in back, which adds to the forward look. Lots of the tiny ones have scalloped or rippled piecrust edges, and lots of the medium-size ones have deeply rippling edges. There are also quantities of sharp, angular treatments, jutting forward beside the cheek on caps and becoming really spectacular on tilted bicornes and tricornes, as well as on exaggerated winged hats, many of them trimmed with ostrich, that suggest those good old days down at Maxim's. Caps are deeper and more clinging in back, but those tiny, curved discs designed to sit on top of the head are shallower than ever. Some are of velvet with a perky little fence of trimming around the edge. (The plaques at Bergdorf are trimmed with Lanvin's looped braid or black velvet ivy leaves of their own construction.) Others are of satin smothered with metallic embroidery, rhinestones, and often big, hulking fake jewels as well. John Frederics go for topazes and rubies, Lilly Daché for emeralds. Mr. Fred has miniature pillboxes, no more than an inch high and decorated with embroidery, that look for all the world like the ones on organ-grinders' monkeys. And for daytime everybody produces hats without wire frames, so that they can be rolled up and stuck in a suitcase; Sally Victor's simple cloches are made of satin whose intricate stitching is the only thing that makes them hold their shape. Winter coats are getting fleecier and fleecier, and suits are getting tweedier and tweedier, so a logical answer is hats of jersey, hand crochet, or looped yarn, but hats that couldn't possibly be less like your grandmother's. Sally Victor, who thought of these years ago, can survey the current penchant for them with a calm, wise smile. These pack, too. And because these suits and coats are quite likely to be collarless, the milliners have a new excuse for creating ensembles with stoles, mufflers, capelets, and other softening stuff to decorate the shoulders as well as the head. It has also been belatedly discovered that strapless dresses are a very trying fashion, so, even for women who never suffer from chills, there are not only stoles but veils and scarves—flattery as well as protection.

Enough of generalities, and down to brass tacks:

SALLY VICTOR is at her best in every phase of the new modes, and, as always, full of ideas that are entirely her own. It would be hard to find anything better than her "hug" bonnets to simulate or to enhance low, wide hairdos. They are broad and slightly arched across the hairline, but the brims cut in sharply to clamp the head at the tips of the cheekbones. They are deepish in back, where there is usually bonnet detail. Victor's tilted felt caps, which curl into a pixie horn on top of the head, are also pretty special. And there are her superb woolly hats. Some crocheted ones are decorated with wool pompons almost an inch wide—say, on the front of the medium brim of a cloche sailor. Matching mufflers, a yard long and eighteen inches wide, of a thin, pliant wool with lots of these wool puffballs at each end, can be knotted around the neck and made to bubble out in the V of a coat or to fan out like a capelet over the shoulders of a sheath dress. Others, of striped jersey and also with pompons at the ends, match hats that are worn just off the hairline (Victor, as you can see, clings to the wide-eyed, off-the-face look) and are punched in a bit at each side to make a tiny peak high in front. Poodle cloth produces a beret with a small brim that is straight across the forehead but scalloped at the drooping sides. Looped yarn, an old favorite of Victor's, makes absurd but entrancing nursery-rhyme hats; Mary's Little Lamb, which is white wool, is flat across the top and has wide folds beside the ears, and a bow of pale-blue velvet is draped over the crown to make the thing look taller. Victor's slashing, dashing, irregular hats are also works of art. Several lineal descendants of George Washington's tricorne have a point at each side, and the front is punched in there to make peaks up above. Some are worn tilted, some are worn straight; some are tiny, others range up to impressive size. The ones called Constitutions are huge, tilted berets with sharply pointed winged sides and a deep fold in the crown on the down side. Brings out the Dietrich in you.

THE John Frederics salon is filled with overtones of Mr. Fred's recent visit to Sicily. There are no placid pinks or blues; instead, there are odd, murky olive greens and sulphurs and Mediterranean blues and Etna reds, and peasant and convent embroidery is used to add interest to hats whose lines are basically simple. All of this has been managed without any suggestion of costumes. Many of his hats are accompanied by his scarf shawls, to go over an evening sweater and full skirt, over fairly formal strapless dresses, or around the neck under a winter coat. They are elongated crescents, about eighteen inches across at the widest, and soft enough to feel comfortable around the throat. The material is net with a



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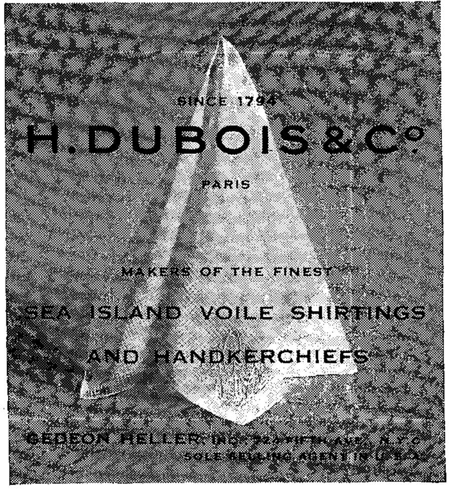
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formalized flower design in contrasting braid and an occasional silk pompon; wool fringe some four inches deep edges them. One, of pink net with red embroidery and red fringe, goes with a fat little beret of the net, peaked a bit in front and dipping forward. (Most of Mr. Fred's hats are short and high in back to show that upswept hairdo.) There is other nonsense—delicate face veils at the bottom of which wide scarves of the thinnest possible silk are attached. The scarves wrap around the neck and anchor the veils over the face. A soft, fat beret with four rounded corners and contrasting insets of grosgrain ribbon as the only trimming has such an arrangement. (Such inserts are a favorite of his this year.) His "wafer" sailors have low, oval crowns that barely rise above the brims, which are of various sizes. These are worn straight and slightly dipped in front.

Mr. Fred's evening plaques of black velvet are often just supports for his Dress Circle veils, which cascade in circular swoops over bare shoulders at the theatre. And a veil with a tiny rhinestone here and there covers the forehead and chin but leaves an open triangle in which nose and mouth greet the beholder.

But Mr. Fred's treatment of surfaces is the most noticeable thing in the collection. Narrow gold or silver ribbon, crocheted and pressed flat, gives the effect of gold or silver sequins; multicolored braid swirls over a floppy-brimmed black felt in mosaic design; plastic nailheads half an inch wide are used like polka dots on a felt ground; braid embroidery in baroque patterns does lovely things to a medium-size openwork cloche of black velvet.

OSTRICH is a pet this year, and Lilly Daché speaks fondly of her "old-fashioned feather woman" who can apply some alchemy of her own to make ostrich resemble aigrettes, delicate monkey fur, or whatnot. A hat with a biggish brim has these aigrettes curled up and spraying over the edges of the brim; a tiny cap has a curly blob of ostrich high over each temple; ostrich makes a fernlike spray on a cap of gray felt, and the slashing bicornes for which Daché is famous also get this kind of decoration. Turbans are all over the place. She makes lots of draped, sidewise ones of melusine (a soft and silky and furry felt), as well as a splendid one of two-tone gray jersey. This last is pulled way over to one side, and it has an attached scarf whose ends go through a big buckle low on the back of the neck and then encircle your throat, or else wind around the head when you want to show your basic diamond necklace. Turbans like this one tend to be towering. (Despite all you've been hearing, many hats are rising again, like the phoenix.) They also tend to totter and to be casually crumpled. Daché is a champion of tailored felts with small brims that curl over the hair on one side and cuddle the cheek on the other. Their crowns are irregular and high (you can crush them down, though, when life overpowers you) and tipped over to one side.

Daché hats are still custom, but her *boutique* provides ready-to-wear items, any of which can be duplicated in a special fabric within ten days. She starts with, say, a sheath that has folds to give it a slight peg-top look. (I don't think the revival of full skirts is ever going to eliminate the sheath; the way you can vary it is too much fun.) To this she adds a snug bolero stole that has short sleeves, since she's a girl who does not regard the average upper arm with favor. Some examples of this end a good three inches above the waistline; the long ends tie in a bow on the chest or are caught in under a belt to make floating panels over the sheath. These stoles come in velvet, faille, or whatever you fancy. They're perfect, too, over strapless dresses. Another sensible stunt is the loop at the back of the neck of the Daché sheaths. Through it, you pull one of her scarves. These are of French ribbon, knotted to make a decorative plaque on the chest. They can also double as turbans. One tiny, tilted velvet cap has four tabs edged with braid hugging the head on the high side. Neat and simple for daytime, but when a scarf has been twined through the tabs, it becomes an Important Hat.

BERGDORF GOODMAN have two Dior hats that are going to be B.G.'s heroines with their early fall suits. One is of velours and the other is of stitched jersey. They're high, wide, and square above the ears without being in the least harsh. A copy can be made up in a fabric that will match your suit. Paulette's deep cap of white feathers is sprinkled with occasional rhinestones and has two irregular pads of feathers near each cheekbone.

MARY GOODFELLOW, whose informal salon is at 600 Madison Avenue, has dreamed up a combination turban and cap, shown in striped ribbon, that is draped high at one side; the edge on the other side, which is scalloped, is wired, so that it clamps firmly against the head. She also offers Griffe's black velvet cap with five padded claws coming forward to the hairline and covered, alternately, with black jersey and black velvet. Goodfellow is one of the sponsors of a silhouette that has cropped up only now and then so far but that will bear watching. It's a round, brimless crash helmet projecting a bit over the forehead and worn straight. It appears in felt with red and gold braid at the edge, in angora with chenille crochet trim, and in felt with a facing of jersey. Stark and uncompromising, but surprisingly becoming to many faces.

AND if you think this is all the news about the new hats, you are very likely in for quite a surprise.

—Lois Long

•

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The girls
of golden summers whirl
through sunsprung
bright Julys,
with born-right,
sky-bright,
star-night
eyes

and everywhere
a tennis twirl
of young gold
legs and arms;
they singsong
summer-long
I-belong
charms.

And through
the summer sailing swirl
they cut like
shining knives,
in sun-told,
never-old,
ever-gold
lives.

—Philip Booth

•

An analysis made in March, 1951, of the careers of the presidents of 77 leading railroads in the United States reveals that 39 of them are graduates of colleges or universities, 13 received some college training after completing high school, 18 attended high school from one to four years, and 6 attained their positions without the benefit of a high school education. One could not be classified.—*From a booklet of the Association of American Railroads.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 19

THE Grande Saison rainy weather that was practically de rigueur before the war, when Paris was gay Paree, returned this year and unexpectedly did everyone's morale a world of good. Perhaps the asphalt gaiety of Paris, like jungle orchids, needs a moist climate in order to bloom its best. And then the month and a half of the city's two-thousandth-birthday celebration, with all its fêtes, ballets, *arrondissement* block parties, and final apotheosis (for that, over a million and a half francs were spent on fireworks alone), further gayed up the populace between showers. Throughout the ages, people everywhere, including the taxpayers who footed the bills, have enjoyed the sight of nocturnal municipal festivities, which look beautifully free while they're going on. For those Parisians able to pay for indoor bimillenary entertainment, the most appreciated feature was the month-long program of Les Nuits Musicales at the underground Palais de Chaillot, with popular, rather than select, musical war horses as soloists, and with the vigorous *echt deutsch* Hamburg City Orchestra, militantly conducted by G. L. Jochum, as a novelty. Higher up, among the Parisians who do not pay for anything but charge it, were Grande Saison soirées of extreme fashionability. At one, a notable *bal masqué* in a nearby château, guests in wigs and eighteenth-century white attire were assembled in one of those mixtures of history, hedonism, and *couture* on which Paris society and commerce still partly live. But, whether in town or in private parks, they were all elegant routs, and, like the bad weather, evoked pleasant prewar comparisons.

The finale of all the gaiety, and the return to realism, came with Bastille Day, July 14th, and its military parade down the Champs-Elysées of Frenchmen on foot, on wheels, and in the air. This year, the parade illustrated France's participation in the North Atlantic Pact, in two disproportionate sections: first, France's bulk of old war matériel, plus American loans and hand-me-downs; then the few items France has fabricated for the new rearmament program, these last mere samples, still subject to change, depending upon performance and, even more, upon what essential ingredients France will be able to get hold of from the expensive American raw-material market. Among the hundred planes that roared down the Champs at an alarmingly low altitude were two French creations, the Mystère and the Espadon, but they proved unidentifiable to most of us, craning by the curb, in the vast flow of confusion created by the speed, by the screaming whistles of Yankee Thunderjets, by the orderly pandemonium of engines aloft in escadrille, and, above all, by that stupor resulting from a still astonished pride that ancient mankind can fly at all—a pride that always seems to seize European crowds, earthbound and gazing up at flying machines from which for the moment they need not flee in terror. The more leisurely stars of the parade were the new French fifty-ton tanks, with a thousand-horsepower motor and a 100-mm. swivel cannon, apparitions that on the avenue looked to have the agile maneuverability of alligators. Another attraction was Delahaye's hundred-and-five-kilometre-an-hour substitute for the American jeep, which it looks just like. What roused the French crowd to cheers, though, was the old human article—men, marching men, men still with their legs and arms and heads on, young soldiers parading to music in peace. They marched a thousand times better—with more discipline, swing, and aplomb—than the scuffling French troops this writer saw in review at Versailles before the visiting King and Queen of England a year before the ill-fated French entry into the Second World War.

It must be added that in the pre-Bastille Day Army Week Display, held at the Invalides, the Subsistances Militaires stand displayed a new horror—condensed wine. A kilo container of it mixed with five kilos of water makes six litres of *pinard*. The soldier's ration will be served him, according to the official word, "in small nylon sachets approximately the size of a pack of cigarettes," and the statement goes on, "It can be affirmed that the wine will lose none of its gustatory qualities." The French soldiers are already sick of it, without having ever tasted it.

Something more should be said about the bad weather. It is all over the place, from Sarreguemines, where hailstones the size of pigeons' eggs just broke up a children's picnic, to the Jura, where tempests destroyed the vineyards. No scientist can get the average Frenchman to believe that these peculiar downpours—worse than the bad weather that upset the European climate during both world wars—are not *un dérangement mondial* caused by the atomic bombs. When the rain comes down for fourteen hours without a break, as it has done here recently, he mutters, "*La pluie de Truman!*" Though the peasants in the Ile-de-France were earlier moaning from under their umbrellas that they were ruined, they now grudgingly admit that the local crops Paris partly feeds on are—*sacré tonnerre!*—pretty good. Potato hills are running full and fine. Pastures are so green that instead of slaughtering young beef the farmers are letting the cattle graze. The resulting scarcity has jumped the price of Paris *bifteck*. Parisians in the habit of buying a thousand fresh eggs at a whack are paying fourteen thousand francs in July as against ten thousand five hundred francs in June. The old guns-and-butter predicament is appearing in a new form. Because of the demand for metals under the Atlantic Pact rearmament program, a twenty-litre aluminum milk can now costs the peasant six thousand francs, or about seventeen dollars, so anybody can see that the price of butter, which was merely steadily going up, will now blow up. L'Organisation Européenne de Coopération Economique reports that France is the country where retail prices have increased most in the last twelve months—twenty per cent. Except for the very rich (and there are more of them in France than you would think possible), people are either agitated by or sunk in apathy under the rapidly mounting cost of living and the slow and always insufficient increase in salaries. Everybody says that one of the first jobs for the new government is to do something—work a miracle, maybe—to make sure that the people it governs will remain plump, housed, and clothed.

The only important news about Premier Maurice Petsche's attempt to form the first post-election government is that he consulted every party except General de Gaulle's R.P.F. (Rassemblement du Peuple Français) and Stalin's French P. C., the first being the winner of the most Assembly seats in the election and the second of the most votes. The de Gaullistes and Communists in the Parliament today are being treated like the little men who aren't there.

VACATION time for scholars comes late in France. School children are annually kept cramming till

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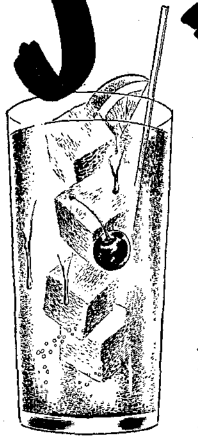

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Bastille Day. University students have the anguish of examinations through June and rarely know their fate until well into July. With bureaucracy, international relations, and complicated, transatlantically controlled intra-European finances of such tense importance nowadays, there has been considerable interest here in the recently divulged outcome of exams in a postwar college unique in France—the so-called Sciences-Po' of Paris. It is situated in the Rue St. Guillaume, just off the Boulevard St. Germain. Its course covers three, instead of four, collegiate years, and it offers a choice of four major curricula. First in importance is the Section of International Relations, to educate students, of both sexes, who aim perhaps to become ambassadors, specialists in foreign policy and foreign affairs, members of international commissions, or even fledglings at the United Nations. Then, there is a Public Service Section, which is for future top bureaucrats, consuls, state and colonial administrators, etc. Next, there is an Economics Section, which educates would-be bankers, trade-commission experts, etc. Finally, there is the General Section, a high-class potpourri of the others, to provide training for any of the international professions, such as journalism. This is all that Sciences-Po' offers its students, except the necessity of working eight hours daily and the prospect that four-fifths of them will flunk out. Next to the Ecole Polytechnique and the Ecole Normale Supérieure, famous over generations for supplying the most noted public figures and the best-educated brains of France, Sciences-Po' is now the stiffest college here.

Before the Second World War, Sciences-Po' was a modish private institution called L'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques (that's when it got its nickname), and was mostly for rich young men planning to go into Father's business or rich girls considering jobs as ambassadors' chic secretaries until the right chap came along. After the war, it was taken over by the state, was renamed the Institut d'Etudes Politiques, and was attached to the University of Paris. As an experiment in special international education, it has done a masterly job. Of the hundred and eighty students in this year's graduation class in the International Relations Section, however, only thirty-five passed. A fifth of the class was foreign—one Czech, a few West Zone Germans, several Western Europeans, and some English and Americans. Fuddled foreigners at sea with French can take the course over if they fail to pass their first year, but the French who fail their first year get no second chance. After the second year, the foreigners are supposed to handle French as easily as their surviving French comrades do.

The recent oral and written exams for the third year in International Affairs were enough to give the old-fashioned, *nouveau-riche*, good-time-Charlie type of American ambassador the jitters. Questions for orals are on folded slips of paper on the professor's desk; the student picks blindly and has ten minutes to think, then ten to talk. One non-French European, whose courses this year were Diplomatic History, International Commercial Exchange, International Civil Law, Human Rights, and English, drew slips asking, "What is the importance of the polar region in international relations?," "What are the juridic statutes governing the Danube?," and "What were international relations in the crises of March, 1936?" In the English-language written exams, translations of Jules Romains into English and Macaulay into French were demanded. One of the big courses is Political Thought, which begins with Machiavelli and includes (among other thinkers) Saint Thomas Aquinas, Calvin, Luther, Hobbes, de Tocqueville, Léon Blum, Marx, Lenin, and Stalin.

The registration and examination fees at Sciences-Po' (there is no tuition) are around seven thousand francs, or twenty dollars, a year, and the diploma equals, to put it mildly, an American B.A. It is a lot of invaluable, complicated international education for the money.

ONE of the greatest summer art shows of the many given in recent decades by the French government is "Le Fauvisme," currently at the Musée National d'Art Moderne. It will run until October, and nobody who is coming over before then should miss it. The Fauves, or Wild Beasts (their brilliant colors supposedly snarled), received their name in the Salon d'Automne, in 1905, when the paintings by Derain, Vlaminck, Marquet, Van Dongen, and so on looked much the way the paintings of their leader, Matisse, still look—some with broken green brush strokes like fallen leaves, and all with the savage shock of the bright colors that attract civilized man's eye to nature's most exciting flora and fauna. There was also visible a determination to wipe out the studio painting of the past and start fresh, for the nth time. Before the Fauves, the Impressionists were damned, and after them the Cubists. France has specialized in terrifying political revolutions; these groups were responsible for revolutions in modern art, with vermilion blood shed on the palette.

The Fauve exhibition has an impressive scope, which includes a preliminary explanatory room of paintings by the influential pre-Fauve artists Manet, Gauguin, van Gogh, and, above all, Cézanne, who was little thanked at the time. Then the show moves into its strength in the wonderful first-rateness of the hundred or more Fauve canvases—Derains of his vivid Collioure period, Braques still as gay as zinnias, Seine scenes of running purple water by Vlaminck, lovely Camoins, Marquets, and Manguins, and fifteen of Matisse's greatest, most famous paintings. Intense interest has been shown in his Pointilliste 1903 "Luxe, Calme, et Volupté," which once threw Parisian art-lovers into a rage; the 1906 study for "Le Luxe," with its strange duck-egg-colored female nudes; "La Gitane," with her green breasts and nose; a 1907 portrait of Mme. Matisse that looks like a Picasso of 1922; and an 1899 landscape of Toulouse, featuring the innocent pink-lavender that the Wild Beasts all later used—the naïve rainbow color that European man had shut his eyes to as being in a kind of suburban bad taste.

There is still enormous pleasure in viewing these great beginnings of twentieth-century modern art in Paris, where the colors became part of the gray city's brighter history—these pictures produced before the Wild Beasts moved into glummer colors and stiffer formulas, leaving old Matisse today the last, as he was the first, practicing Fauve.

—GENÊT

•

The reason for her odd behavior—and Carol admits that occasionally her behavior is very odd, indeed—is that Carol is an actress, and she wants people to think of her talent as a performer, rather than of her other talents, which include several of the longest, most talented legs extant, and several other characteristics which are as notable. "There are," she says, "too many beautiful girls."—*The Mirror.*

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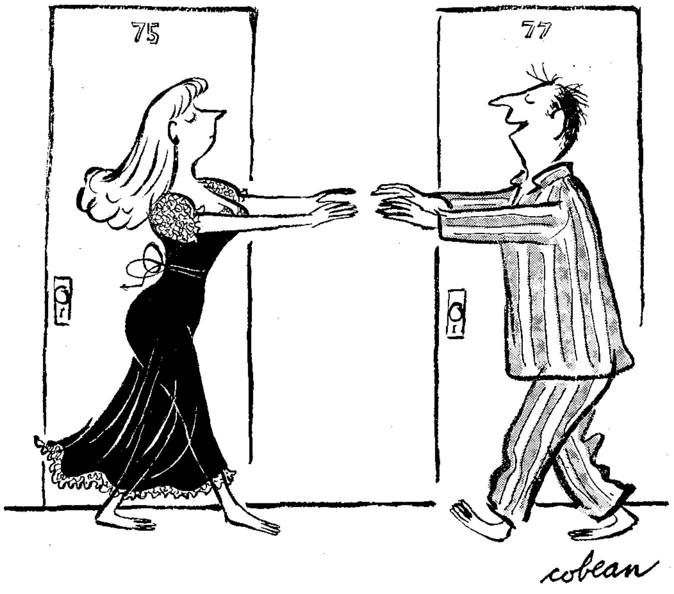

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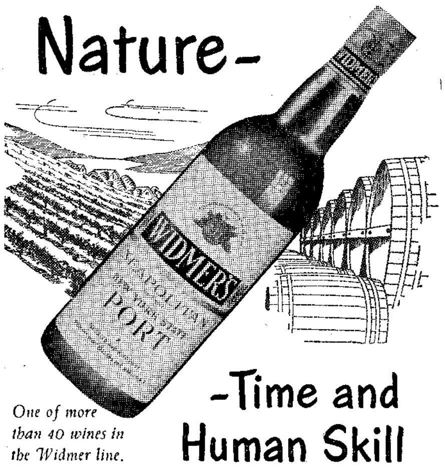

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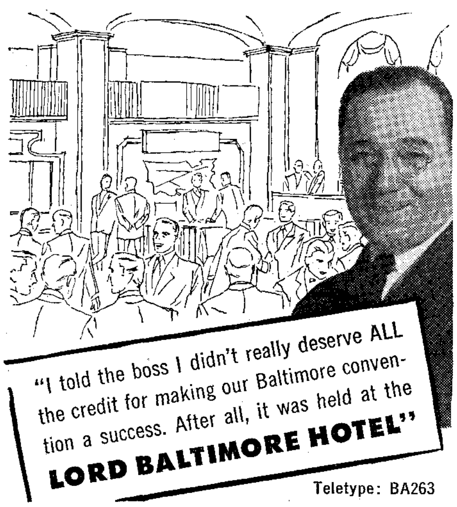

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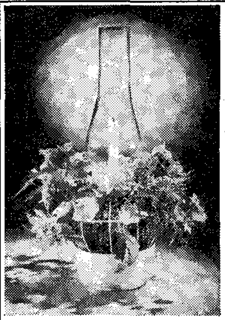

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THE RACE TRACK

Uncle Miltie Returns

FOLLOWING a hunch that Uncle Miltie was in form again, I hustled down to Monmouth Park last weekend and was rewarded by seeing him win the Lamplighter Handicap pretty easily. He left the stall gate slowly, as is his wont, and didn't settle into his stride till he'd gone about half of the mile and a sixteenth, but from that point on his backers had nothing to worry about. Although it wasn't as brilliant a performance as his first start of the season, at Jamaica—horsemen are still talking about that one—his race last Saturday was encouraging, for he gave twenty-two pounds to Golden Trend, who finished second; eighteen to Roman Fair, who was third; and plenty of weight to the seven also-rans. As no doubt you remember, Uncle Miltie went all to pieces after that impressive effort in April, and up to a few weeks ago was taking a rest cure on the Jersey farm of J. J. Colando, his owner. You can see with half an eye that the holiday has done him a great deal of good; he has grown and filled out, and I venture to say he is the handsomest three-year-old in training. However, he still puts his off forefoot down in the peculiar, gingerly way he did early in the spring. His next appearance, I expect, will be in the Choice Stakes at Monmouth, a week from Saturday.

Monmouth, it goes without saying, is a pleasant change from Footsore Downs; too bad it's such a chore to get there and back from New York. This year, the added attraction—to use a phrase loosely—is hurdles racing over the turf course in the infield. Some people actually are enthusiastic about it. Well, some people dote on parsnips.

IT grows increasingly clear that Hall of Fame is the Greentree Stable's best three-year-old. Last Saturday, he beat Battlefield, Ruhe, and ten others in the Arlington Classic at Arlington Park in Chicago. It was his third triumph in a row, and he picked up $62,975, more than his total earnings up to then. That'll buy a lot of oats. Battlefield, I gathered from my carrier pigeons, again put up a good show. But then he always does. Unfortunately, courage alone won't pull him through, as it did in the Dwyer Stakes, every time the distance is beyond his powers. Nevertheless, he rates top marks for a good try.

PERHAPS it's too early, and a little unfair, to say that the two-year-olds are not up to par. It is rare, however, for a July to pass without a really fine colt's coming into the picture. What prompted these sour reflections was the fadeout of The Pimpernel in the Wakefield Handicap at Jamaica early last week. The excuse for the colt, who ran so fast at Belmont in May, was that he bucked his shins. This is an ailment similar to the Charley horse that athletes often get. It's nothing serious, really. Hannibal, who led all the way in the Wakefield, may be a bit above average, but no more than that. A couple of days later, my eye was caught by a two-year-old named Rose Jet, who showed high speed in a minor race. The only other events at Jamaica last week worth remembering were the Fleetwing Handicap, won by More Sun, and the Questionnaire Handicap, in which Arise and Bryan G. ran a dead heat. Apparently the management was trying for a new low in the quality of its entertainment.

NOW that I've got that out of my system, I can just be folksy and tell you how delighted I was to hear that Citation is finished with racing. The other day, I saw the newsreel shots of the Hollywood Gold Cup, and while he won by lengths, his hind legs were heavily bandaged, which isn't a good sign, and he didn't gallop easily or, it seemed to me, willingly. After all, he did rather well for Calumet Farm, earning, as you're probably tired of hearing, $1,085,760. If the forty-five races he ran were laid end to end, the distance he covered would total forty-five miles six and a half furlongs. Which figures out, on my old abacus, to better than twenty-four thousand dollars a mile.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

He was an original member of the famous Lafayette stock company, and toured Europe for the two decades between 1919 and 1929 in concert work.—*The Playbill for the Adelphi Theatre.*

Anyway, it *seemed* like a long time.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

The officers said they found Burch, a small man, hiding in a bureau drawer at a house in nearby Sayreton.

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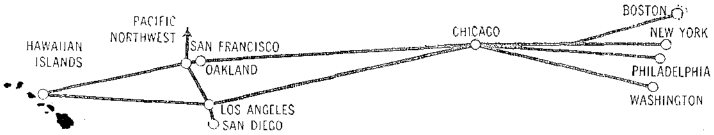
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TEXAS TWISTER ½ glass orange juice. 1½ jiggers Puerto Rican Rum (White or Gold). Shake with cracked ice.

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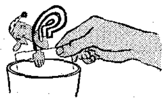

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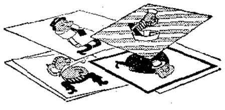

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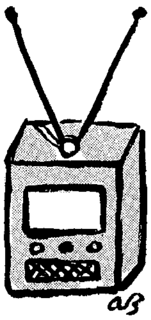
TELEVISION

Before Lunch

MORNING television, although not quite so solidly established as General Motors, is nonetheless here to stay. The history of entertainment indicates that once communicable viruses like radio and the movies muscle in on the morning hours, nothing short of martial law can get them out again, and there is no reason to suppose that television will follow a different pattern. At ten-thirty one Monday morning recently, having split the wood and drawn the water and put the children out on the fire escape to play, I decided to take a look at the television fare being offered the public, and switched my set on to C.B.S. The tiny screen instantly became alight with a series of frantically colliding lines. An announcer—his voice was clear and firm—stated that C.B.S. was presenting a color-television program called "Modern Homemakers," and that only those sets that had been properly adjusted could receive it, either in color or in black-and-white. Plainly, to judge from the hailstorm I was observing, my set was not properly adjusted, but I hung on for a while anyway.



There is a certain novelty in merely *hearing* a television show. For instance, when the lady in charge of the program, Miss Eddaline Stohr, told her audience to observe the rosiness of the red apple she had with her, and the bright-red plum, and the orangey-yellow orange, I could picture Miss Stohr, a kerchief neatly tied about her pretty head, seated before a colorful fruit stand in mellow old Rome, maybe at the foot of the Spanish Steps, or perhaps in stately old London, in the very shadow of the Abbey, or perhaps just fingering the fruit in the Ideal Grocery, 541 East Eighty-eighth Street. Miss Stohr has a pleasing voice, and the longer I listened the less eager I was to turn to something visible. "For dinner tonight," she said, "we will have barbecued pork chops. Here we have a luscious-looking pork chop." We had nothing of the sort, of course. We had a hailstorm. "We'll just take the pork chops over to the range to brown," she continued. "And it's all right to use flour for browning." She must have dropped the chops into a pan, for an unmistakable sizzling could be heard. By golly, I could almost smell those chops. And it seemed to me that Miss Stohr had become a different person. Now, I figured, her kerchief was gone. She had put on a housecoat and her hair was in curlers. She was the modern housewife, *sans* help, *sans* money, but *avec* appliances. "And now we'll make our barbecue sauce," she said, but since I don't like barbecue sauce, I switched, at a quarter of eleven, to N.B.C.

Over there, a man named Ray Barrett was seated at a table. I could see Barrett, who was wearing a white suit. "Hello, Mom," he said. "How are you this morning? Hotter'n blazes, isn't it? Make sure the kids get plenty of water and fruit juices, huh?" His program is called "Bringing Up Mother," and in the course of it he introduced Dr. Mary de Garmo Bryan, of Columbia Teachers College, and Mr. George Hecht, publisher of *Parents' Magazine*. Television, I have decided, will fool you every time, for "Bringing Up Mother" suddenly turned into a serious and informative discussion of school lunches—who pays for them, who eats them, and what they consist of. Dr. Bryan and Mr. Hecht made a strong case for an enlarged Congressional appropriation for school lunches. Last year's appropriation, I learned, was eighty-three and a half million dollars, but the huge jump in the cost of food will make a hundred-million-dollar appropriation almost mandatory this year. At the close of the program, Mr. Barrett smiled generously at his guests and at his audience. "So long, Mom," he said.

I switched to Du Mont, where Miss Susan Adams, a motherly type, was busily shoving something or other into a parfait glass. She was standing in a model kitchen. "Good morning," she said. "How is this Monday morning for you, anyway?" She stopped working long enough to tell us that she had been making a crème-de-menthe parfait—"with vanilla ice cream, *always* vanilla"—and that she preferred to top the delight with a blueberry instead of the more orthodox cherry. Miss Adams went on to prepare some blueberry muffins right in front of our eyes, and she became quite stern about the problem of lumps in the mix. Again and again she cautioned us against worrying about lumps in the mix. "The foundation of all muffin trouble is the lumps," she

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said. "Ignore the lumps completely. Completely. They will cook out." Furthermore, Miss Adams said that she is a nineteen-stroke muffin girl; that is to say, when she has mixed her wet and dry ingredients, she turns them over in the bowl nineteen times and no more, all the while, of course, ignoring the lumps.

At eleven-thirty, Richard Willis came along, on N.B.C., in a program called "Here's Looking at You." He was in a studio with a good many women, a large number of whom seemed to have some problem of personal appearance that they hoped he could solve for them. Unfortunately, he has time for only a couple of problems a day. One lady, for instance, said that her friends always told her that her nose was too fat. "That's what they say, 'What a fat nose you have,' " she said. "No, no," said Mr. Willis, scrutinizing the nose. "Your nose is in proportion. But those *eyebrows!*" He reached swiftly for a piece of cleansing tissue, and in a trice had rubbed off a large part of her eyebrows. "You bring the eyebrows together and ruin the proportion. You must *not* make a new line in the eyebrows," he said. His next patient was a seventeen-year-old girl from Memphis. "I have a very oily skin," she said. "I don't know whether it's acne or pimples." Mr. Willis was gentle. He called her "dear," and said that when it comes to skin cases, diet is often largely responsible for the trouble. He wondered if she ate a great deal of chocolate and nuts. "They may be giving you your little blemishes," Mr. Willis said. He was seized with a sudden inspiration. "You don't need this type of gypsy earring!" he cried, and yanked off the girl's earrings. "They just don't go with *you*," he said. "Soften this bang, dear. Keep it high." He then presented her with a blouse, a skirt, a compact, and a pair of shoes. Don't ask me why. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Her fingers hit the keys with the rapidity of a machine gun. The carriage of the typewriter would glide to the right, and she'd slap it back, glide to the right, and she'd slap it back.—*From "Many a Monster," by Robert Finnegan.*

Chinese, we presume?

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Washington Post*]

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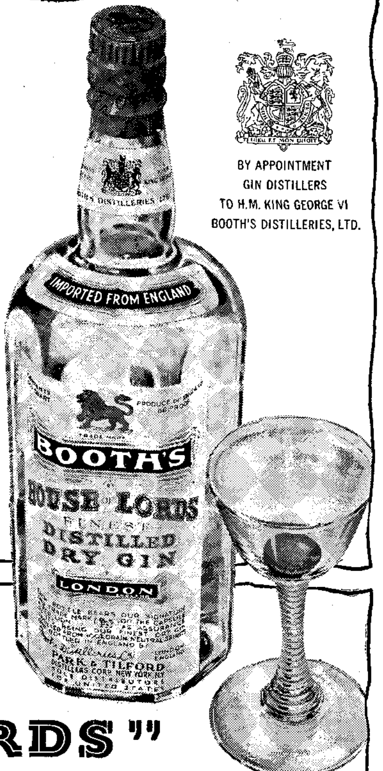

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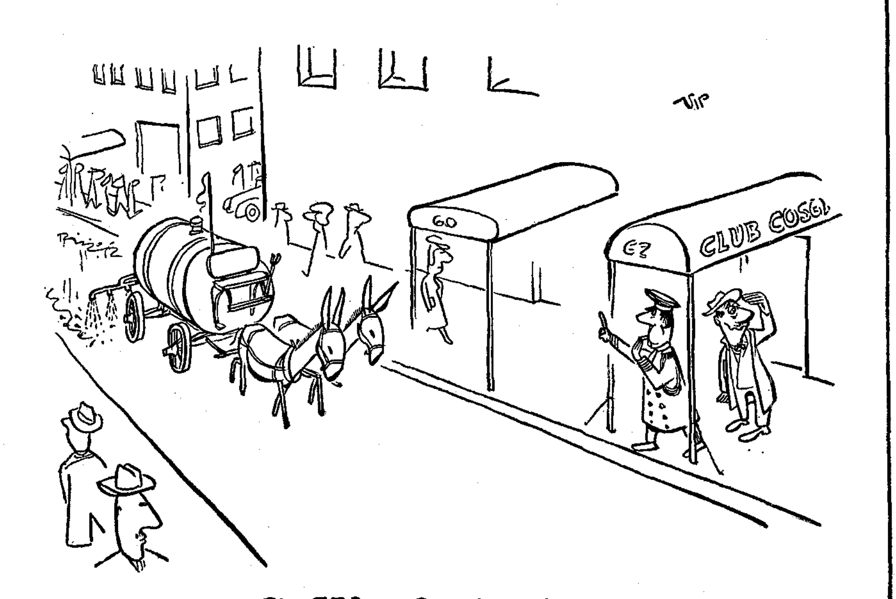

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BOOKS

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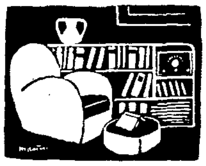


The Spellbound Village, by Julia Truitt Yenni (Harcourt, Brace). A rather forced study of group hysteria in a small town in upper New York State. The hysteria is brought about by the publication of a novel by a young woman who has lately come to live in the town. The townspeople all identify themselves with characters in the novel, and some of them take it quite hard. There is not the smallest evidence of thought or emotion in Miss Yenni's work, but it is neatly planned, with a nice little beginning and a nice little ending.

The Emigrants, by Vilhelm Moberg (Simon & Schuster). A worthy book, very big, very thorough, very serious in its purpose, about the past history and present condition of a shipful of Swedish emigrants on their way to America in 1850. Mr. Moberg's concern with the group rather than with the individual gives his work a generalized, cold, unfocussed air, and his writing, which is pitched to a missionary tone, has a sprightly, colloquial lifelessness that is very depressing.

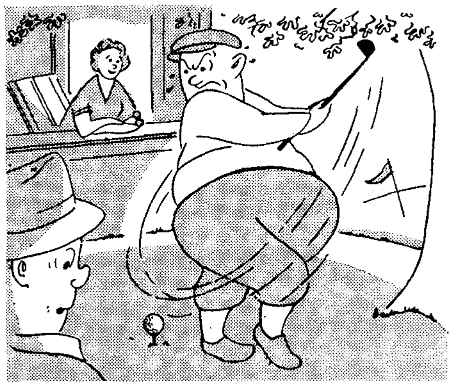
GENERAL

Yangtse Incident, by Lawrence Earl (Knopf). A slightly fictionized reconstruction of the ordeal undergone by the survivors aboard H.M.S. Amethyst, the British frigate that was heavily shelled by a Communist land battery in the course of a routine mission up the Yangtse River in the spring of 1949 and was immobilized there for over a hundred days, despite all attempts at rescue. Since the Amethyst incident contains all the elements of a superior adventure story, Mr. Earl has wisely refrained from furbishing it up and from commenting overmuch on the admirable behavior of the officers and ratings—some of whom carried on while seriously wounded—whose first-hand accounts form the basis of his narrative. One of his most successful bits of characterization is that of Lieutenant Commander John Kerans, a naval attaché in the British Embassy in Nanking who took over the command of the Amethyst two days after the attack, conducted the long, fruitless, and serio-comic negotiations with the Communists, and finally executed the famous and incredible dash to safety.

Human Fertility, by Robert C. Cook (Sloane). Mr. Cook gives one the impression that human fertility is more dangerous to the race than the atomic bomb. Of the two and a half billion people on the earth today, a billion and a half haven't enough to eat, yet the population, thanks to the scientific elimination of many of the diseases that used to keep it in check, steadily increases, and progressively hungrier men continue to raven the earth, destroying its resources. Birth control, which Mr. Cook considers the most humane answer to the problem, so far has resulted in lowering the birth rate only among the more advanced human beings. With each generation, man's intelligence quotient is dropping—two points in England, for example, and something like that over here. Mr. Cook, who is managing editor of the *Journal of Heredity*, expertly states the problem of the runaway birth rate and its disastrous potentialities, and outlines some of the measures that could be taken before it is too late, if it is not already too late.

Population on the Loose, by Elmer Pendell (Funk). Another discussion of the dangers of overpopulation, this one more dramatically presented than Mr. Cook's and even more chillingly ominous in tone. Mr. Pendell is obviously a dedicated man, and his wrath at such groups as the Marxists, who say there is no such thing as overpopulation, and the Roman Catholic Church, which opposes birth control, is something to behold. He proposes legislation to regulate the number of babies and to improve their quality. Practically no one is going to like the plan, and the author doesn't expect anyone to, but he says some similar plan must be adopted or else (he writes like that), and the "else," he assures us, will be very unpleasant for people—Americans, for example—who want to keep their high standard of living. His book, and the introduction, by Walter B. Pitkin, emphasize a conviction that the "differential birth rate"—the term Mr. Pendell uses in referring to the major disparities in the birth rates of various nations and economic groups, is playing into Russia's hands; the Soviets, he says, by exploiting the submerged but

He Doesn't **KNOW**



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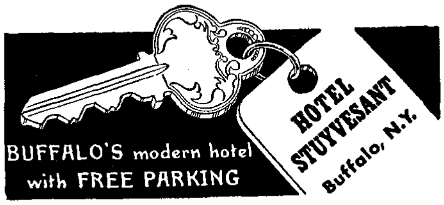

BUFFALO'S modern hotel with FREE PARKING

overabundant populations in their orbit could eventually dominate the world without putting one Russian soldier in the field. Both this book and Mr. Cook's undoubtedly deserve a wide reading.

The England of Elizabeth, by A. L. Rowse (Macmillan). In the opening sentence of this historical study, the author, addressing his fellow-Englishmen, says, "The Elizabethan Age is not something dead . . . it is alive and all around us and within us." The rest of the book is devoted to proving this point. Mr. Rowse has carried his researches into all aspects of English life during Elizabeth's reign, tracing the architectural, educational, religious, legal, commercial, and even semantic antecedents of today's English society. The book amounts to a prose song celebrating the mere five million people (they included Raleigh, Burghley, Spenser, Drake, the Hawkinses, Shakespeare, Jonson, Bacon, and Sidney, in addition to a ruler second to none in greatness) who made a tiny island the focal point of the world and got rich in the process.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Loneliest Girl in the World, by Kenneth Fearing (Harcourt, Brace). Ellen Vaughan, a girl with bassinet-pink hair, describes herself as one of the best audio engineers in the world, and her favorite companion, after her scientist father's death, is Mikki, her pet name for a monstrous invention of his that is capable of housing and playing back four hundred thousand hours of selected recordings. Besides classical music and readings of philosophical works, this collection includes transcriptions of all her father's business contracts and a great deal of confidential information about his children, which he has amassed throughout their lives, unbeknownst to them, by a system of wire-tappings and microphones. After listening to a staggering amount of this material, Ellen not only revises her opinion of her father but also decides to perform a drastic operation on Mikki's insides. Mr. Fearing's book is too much like science fiction to be believable, and sadly lacks the excitement he provided in "The Big Clock" and "Dagger of the Mind."

•

The Sox, with the aid of Shoddy Fielding, nicked . . . —*Greenfield (Mass.) Recorder-Gazette.*

Never heard of him.

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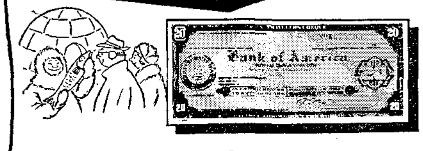

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